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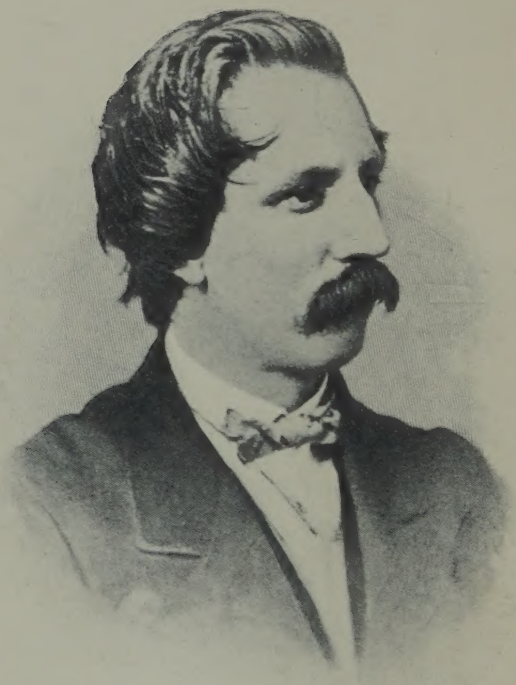
ARTEMUS WARD'S BEST STORIES



Artemus Ward.

(1867)

ARTEMUS WARD'S BEST STORIES

EDITED BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
W. D. HOWELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK A. NANKIVELL

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INTRODUCTION

In the first place, while the editor of this selection is still out of hearing, in the next room, I should like to praise the good judgment he has shown in it; and still more I should like to praise the simple manner of the very interesting memoir which he has prefaced it with. Another, myself we will say, might have been tempted to overdo it, by imparting to the droller's life the pathos of his early death, or by exaggerating his importance among the humorists whose humor the world has decided to call distinctively American. But Mr. Johnson has not made either of these mistakes. He has felt what was characteristic in the author's experiences, and he has had the self-restraint to leave time the censor of his qualities.

I wish his forbearance might govern me in what I have to say of the extravaganzas, once the whole English-speaking world's delight, which, after half a century of fitful and not over-vigorous survival, have been selected here for a sort of final appeal. I will own that when I talked his enterprise over with the editor, I began to have my misgivings of it after a first flush of enthusiasm. An examination of the

material confirmed me in my doubt; but a renewed acquaintance with it in Mr. Johnson's presentation has brought back much of my old pleasure in it.

My pleasure is very old indeed, for it began with those earliest drolleries which, in the later eighteen-fifties, made Charles F. Browne's pseudonym known in the columns of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. He was then the "local editor" of that newspaper, and in the dearth of personal and police items, or any sort of moving accident or human event, he filled his space with any reckless joke, but oftenest with the wild burlesque of an imaginary showman from the imaginary village of Baldinsville, Indiana, whom he called Artemus Ward. How much the fun was helped from one entirely American heart to other entirely American hearts by the showman's bad spelling can never be known. Our exuberant race had long before wreaked its joy in the like; but it must have been something more than the bad spelling which gave Browne's humor a currency beyond that of all other humorists before his time. It was strictly of his time and place, and it was dwarfed and deformed by the popular prejudices, the partisan prejudices. It reflected the dislike of the anti-slavery movement and of the other contemporary reforms; but it did not miss a good chance of hitting those prejudices if it offered. In fact, it is interesting to see how the wit of Browne humanized with the process of comparatively few suns, and passed from derision of the slave and his friends to

derision of the slaveholder and his friends. By the time the volunteering for the war against Secession had begun, the Baldinsville showman was as good a patriot as any Home Guard in the land. In his change he shared the change of Browne in his undramatized humor, which dealt with any contemporary aspect or incident in a spirit of frank and ready adaptability.

Certain facts of what seems a very remote time were caught and are held here in the net of that freakish fancy. Men of my age will remember the universal joy in Artemus Ward's fable of his interview with the Prince of Wales, then visiting our States, whom the showman addresses as freely and equally as we would all have liked to have the Prince approached by one of our sovereign people. Some phrases of it were at once on every tongue, as Ward's question how "Wales" liked "bein' a prince as fur as he had got." Mormonism was then a very live, if not lively interest, and we all rejoiced in the satire which Ward visited upon the Mormons and their "peculiar institution." We were none of us so serious about this as some of us were about the "peculiar institution" of the South; and Browne had not to vary the attitude of his showman to suit it to the swiftly varying popular moods. It never ceased to amuse him, but when he went to lecture in Utah he was able to sober himself to a realization of the local respectability of a patriarchal phase which cannot cease to be abominable

elsewhere to all survivors of the patriarchal age. One of those felicities, one of those pieces of good luck remaining from his contact with Mormonism, was the ticket to his later lecture on that imposture which required the gateman to "Admit the Bearer and One Wife."

Mormonism and slavery, then denounced as "twin relics of barbarism," have outlived the date of the general abhorrence which bracketed them together in some condition of polygamy and servitude more tolerable to our present national mood. But two other phases of our civilization, which almost equally shared the humorist's satire, would not claim his attention now in the old proportion. He would not now find spiritualism so interestingly the object of his mockeries as it was in the eighteen-fifties; people are either tired of it, or they have been reconciled by Psychical Research to whatever of importance there is really or imaginably in it. But it had long been a waning interest while Woman Suffrage, which Artemus Ward found and made so amusing, is now taken seriously by the vast majority of those who do or do not think about it. Both subjects are exhausted as sources of fun; but in his day they seemed inexhaustibly funny.

He was on the safe side regarding them, not necessarily because he was selfish or timid and preferred the majority to the minority for his personal safety, but because he was of the satirist's usual make, skeptical, ironical, pessimistic. He was by no means

unkindly; on the contrary, he much preferred making the joke that did not hurt, that did not displease, or wholly displease even the object of it. But it must be owned that he had not Mark Twain's greatness of nature, his generous scope, his actual humanity. Artemus Ward's humanity itself was of a potential sort which oftenest showed itself in some belated occasion; it was opportunist, to say the best of it. He felt bound to make you laugh, first of all; Mark Twain felt bound to make you laugh, too, but not always first of all; he might first wish to make you feel.

This is a main difference between the men; but I would not have it tell too heavily against the blithe spirit who remains here mainly in his fun, and must not be too closely questioned as to anything else. He overjoyed his generation, and that was enough to do, at least enough for him, and there is much in him to overjoy this, if it will not be too exacting with him. It must remember how Lincoln loved him, and sought him in times of trouble, when wiser and better authorities could not have consoled him nearly so much. Browne had already expressed the feeling of far the greatest number of his fellow-Democrats concerning the problems before Lincoln, in Artemus Ward's interview with the President-elect when the showman rescues him for the time from the horde of office-seekers who never ceased to infest him.

"'How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your

kindness?' sed old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. 'How kin I ever repay you, sir?'

"'By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By porein ile upon the troubled waturs, North and South. By pursooin a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!'"

If the droller was not of a more telescopic vision than this, it must be considered that he lived in a very myopic time, when many were accustomed to argue that negroes could justly be made slaves because black men had no souls. When science began to question whether white men had them, the balance was more equitably adjusted between the races; but it was too late then to apply a magnanimous agnosticism to the solution of the difficulties involving our whole nation. If Artemus Ward became of a more patriotic mind about secession when the war for the Union actually began, it cannot be claimed that the humor of his inventor was ever a very valuable contribution to pro-Union literature. I can imagine that it was with distinct relief that he turned from the triumphs of Reconstruction, and that he lost whatever ache he had for the sorrows of the Civil War in the immense, the wholly unmeasured acceptance he found in England when our battles were all over and our troubles seemed so provisional, so merely preparatory to the state of lasting political bliss on which we fancied ourselves entering.

The English could enjoy "Artemus the delicious," as Charles Reade called him, with the unstinted delight to which they sometimes like to abandon themselves. They could accept the bad spelling of his school as something peculiar or original with him. They had themselves had the bad spelling of the *Yellowplush Papers*, so much more skilfully and artistically done; but they could not know that there was an American school of it, famed before Browne's time and destined to survive him, though now, at last, it seems extinct. I myself never liked that sort of easy fun, not even when Lowell commended it generally and defended it specifically in the case of his Hosea Bigelow, who, indeed, wrote a dialect rather than misspelled our common parlance. It does make you laugh out of proportion to the means it uses, and perhaps it comes to its highest effect in Artemus Ward; but oftenest, perhaps, the author seems to be overworking himself in it. If it takes the words "out of their dictionary clothes," as Lowell said, it is not always to leave them in a state of nature which appeals to the love of beauty.

Browne was of no such inventive gift as Clemens, and he is at his best in his own character as a shrewd, tolerant, pessimistic Yankee observer of life. His showman was the figment of a fancy working at haphazard in the desperate haste of a "local editor," and it did not gain in character or quality through the greater leisure and experience of its creator. It remains his one invention, and

its humor lies rather in the wild impossibility of its relation to the persons and things of its contact, in the delightful, the inviting make-believe of the whole situation. At this the reader may sometimes find himself working as hard as the author; but his sufficient reward will be in the final truth to human nature, either actual or potential, which the joint supposition evokes. It is such fun to think of Artemus Ward talking to Lincoln or the Prince of Wales on the terms assumed, that you are willing and even glad to think it.

Clemens, in the wide range of his imagination, asks no such help of you. The inventor of the *Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* is as compellingly and independently creative as the inventor of *Don Quixote de la Mancha;* and the thousand and one slighter figures of his fancy persuade and convince without asking your help. I do not say all, or that our greatest humorist does not sometimes require too much self-devotion from his readers. I wish he never did; but I must own he sometimes does; and I think that whoever renews or makes acquaintance here with the fun of the earlier humorist will be struck with the fact that in some of his beginnings Mark Twain formed himself from, if not on, Artemus Ward. The imitation could not last long; the great master was so immensely the master; but while it lasts it is as undeniable as it is curious, and it by no means impeaches his superiority. I think him incomparably the greater talent,

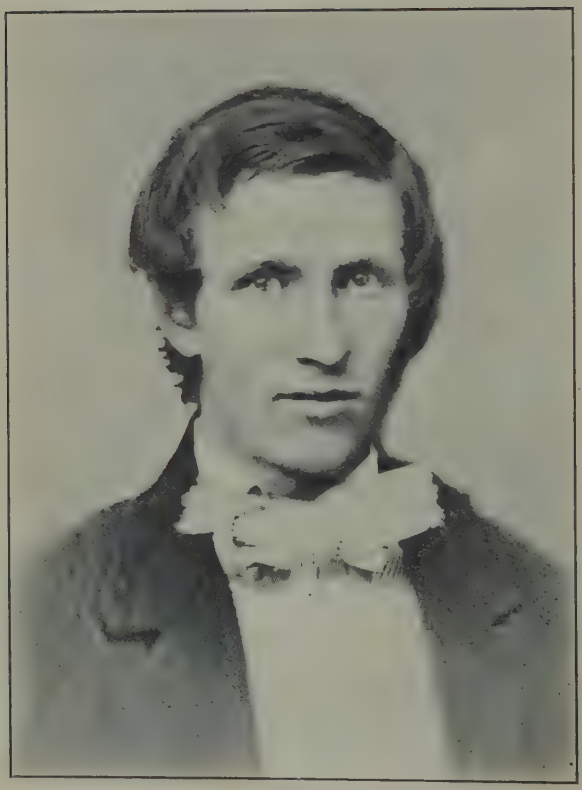
and yet not always. In such a sketch as "Affairs Around the Village Green," where Browne consents to be most himself, there is a sweetness, a gentleness, a fineness in the humor and the quaint unexpectedness of its turns, which is not surpassed by anything that Clemens did.

I do not know whether others will feel the pathetic suggestion of languor and weariness in this most amusing, most charming sketch; but it hints that sort of thing to me. It must have been done in some interval of Browne's New York life, perhaps shortly before or after the comic paper which he edited "got to be a conundrum, and he gave it up"; but when he had yet some half a dozen years to live. He spent them strenuously and adventurously enough in lecturing everywhere in his own country, until his fame took him to England, where probably the happiest years of his short life were spent. The English liked him with that self-abandon which wins the American heart, and made him so wholly at home among them that, after some brief intervals in America, he returned to die in England. He died very young of consumption, and his face was already prophetic of the end when I saw him last, sometime in 1866, at Boston. I have told elsewhere of the double recognition he gave me, one general, as for any member of the public who chose to claim him friend, and another personal, for one who really knew him. I had known him first in Columbus, when

he visited the State capital on some newspaper mission from Cleveland, and we had passed the whole time together: a time of laughing and making laugh. Then afterward I had visited him in the office of *Vanity Fair*, where he ineffectively promised me some "ducats," as he called them, for a contribution. I am glad now to think he never was able to pay them, for the contribution was probably not worth any. All my remembrances of him are glad, even to the last in the laugh his double recognition gave us; and in once more renewing our early acquaintance among the merry jests gathered here, I have had the sense of him as one of those living presences which abound for me now more in the past than in the days that are yet to pass.

W. D. H.

ARTEMUS WARD'S BEST STORIES



Artemus Ward.

(1854)

ARTEMUS WARD'S BEST STORIES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE, better known as "Artemus Ward," was born in the little country village of Waterford, Maine, some fifty miles north of Portland, April 26, 1834. The Farrars, his mother's people, originally came from Vermont, and his father's ancestors from Massachusetts. When he himself was questioned about his ancestry, after he became famous, he responded: "My father's name was Levi, and therefore I think my forebears came from Jerusalem; but, as I have a brother Cyrus, it may be we are Persians."

His father kept a store at Waterford, and was also engaged in farming and did occasional surveying. As a boy Charles was so given to pranks that he caused not a little ominous shaking of heads among the neighbors, and it was freely predicted that he would never come to any good. One of his earliest exploits was the organizing of a circus. He put on a gown of his mother's and her best bonnet, and acted

as clown and manager-in-chief, with his village cronies for assistants. His father's red cow, covered with blankets and having a stuffed coat-sleeve for a trunk, served as the elephant.

The school exhibition and debating society gave him another chance for the cultivation and exercise of his peculiar talents. When he was about twelve years old the question was discussed: "Resolved, that a boy had better be a farmer than a sailor." Charles took the negative side, and made such a funny speech that the audience "laughed until they were tired out."

Among his youthful diversions was the writing of letters to prominent persons in various parts of the country, whose names he happened to see in print. The letter usually referred to some prospective business arrangement. He would write, for instance, "Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say I shall not be able to get that harness done on the day I promised"; or, "I will not be able to call at your house as requested."

Nothing pleased him more than to play a joke on his older brother, Cyrus. One cold winter night, when he had come home at a late hour from an entertainment, he stopped in the street opposite the room occupied by Cyrus, and called as if in distress, "Cy! Cy! Ho! Cy!"

Cyrus presently came to the window, and Charles solemnly asked, "Do you really think, Cyrus, that it is wrong to keep slaves?"

His schooling was confined to the meager instruction afforded by the district school in his home village. Even for the few years that he attended school he studied little and gave his time mostly to writing and to drawing comic pictures; but he had a wonderfully retentive memory, and he stood well in all his lessons except arithmetic. That he hated. He could not comprehend its simplest rules, and never got any further than fractions.

When he was thirteen his father died, and soon afterward he became a printer's devil in a newspaper office in Lancaster, New Hampshire. After a year there he returned to Maine and worked at his trade of printer for a short period in the town of Norway, then in Augusta, and finally in Skowhegan. This last place proved so little to his liking that he one night lowered his valise with his bed-cord from the window of an upper room where he lodged and stealthily left for home. His mother was much astonished at his unexpected arrival.

He applied for work to his former employer at Lancaster, but the best the latter could do was to give him a letter of recommendation to a Boston printing firm. So he went to Boston, where the letter secured him a position, and he remained with the firm three years. As it happened they printed the *Carpet Bag*, edited by the well-known humorist, B. P. Shillaber, who wrote under the name of "Mrs. Partington." Presently Browne prepared an article descriptive of a Fourth-of-July celebration in

Skowhegan, which he thought was suitable for the *Carpet Bag*, and shoved it under the editor's door. This was published, and Browne, speaking afterward of its appearance in print, said, "I went to the theater that evening, had a good time, and thought I was the greatest man in Boston."

He submitted a second article in the same way he had the first, and this also was accepted. Soon afterward the editor learned who had made these anonymous contributions, and he encouraged the youthful printer to make literary work his profession. Meanwhile Browne had mastered his trade most thoroughly, and had become one of the fastest compositors of his time.

One day he noticed a newspaper advertisement, "School-teacher Wanted" at a small town in Kentucky. He sent in an application for the position, received a favorable reply, and went to take up his new duties. There were several big boys in the school, and he learned from local gossips that these young toughs had "licked" every schoolmaster who had attempted to keep school there for several years previous. As he was not particularly robust, he concluded the climate of that Kentucky village would not exactly suit him. When school closed at the end of his first week he packed his few belongings in his carpet-bag and, without waiting to collect any pay, went to Cincinnati.

A little later we find him at the age of twenty-five in the little Ohio city of Tiffin, where he worked for

some months in the *Advertiser* office at four dollars a week. His employer has described him at the time of his arrival as the gawkiest, greenest-looking young fellow he ever set eyes on. His clothes failed to fit him, his straight yellow hair was altogether unmanageable, and his movements were slouchy and ungraceful.

From Tiffin he went to Toledo and was employed on the *Commercial*. Through his contributions to that paper he soon acquired a more than local reputation for being a clever paragrapher, and this led to his being offered the position of local editor on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. He removed to Cleveland in the fall of 1857, and after working two years on the *Plain Dealer* at a weekly salary of twelve dollars he received a three-dollar raise. Those who knew him in Cleveland spoke of his appearance as being far from prepossessing to the casual observer; for his tall form was lank and lean, his nose was excessively prominent, and he wore clothing that was seedy and ill-fitting, and walked with a loose, shambling gait. He, in fact, had a very mean opinion of his own person, but at length he seems to have discovered that he was not so uncomely as he had supposed, and began to pay some attention to his dress. At last he even became foppish. But, whatever his clothes, and in spite of the verdancy and grotesqueness that so long characterized him, he from the first easily made friends who always remained attached to him. In the presence of strangers he

was bashful and easily disconcerted, but among his acquaintances he was sociable and engaging, affectionate and unfailingly cheerful. Whether on the street, in the office, or in the home circle, he was ever the same kind, jovial person, full of animal spirits and bubbling good-humor, whose wit flowed in a spontaneous torrent. He enjoyed heartily a joke on a friend, but his jokes were not such as to mar the friendship, and his daily life was full of generous deeds.

Browne's mother came and visited him in Cleveland at one time, and it is recalled that they had a jolly time together and that she was funny without realizing it. He called her by her first name, Caroline. Once, in speaking of her home town in Maine, she said, "You remember, Charles, that my father, Mr. Farrar, kept the store at Waterford, and Levi, your father, hired out to him as a clerk."

"Why, Caroline," he responded, "how could I remember? That was before my time."

"Well, yes," said she, "but I guess you've heard of it. Your father and I got married, and my father took Levi in partnership, and it was Farrar and Browne."

"Oh yes," agreed Charles, "I remember seeing a sign over the door. Your father and my father; why, what relation does that make *us?*"

"Now, Charles Farrar Browne," she retorted, "behave yourself. Be respectful to your mother. Remember what the Bible says!"

"Well, I expect I ought to," he acknowledged, "but it's so different from the newspaper I'm working on that I don't putter with it much."

And so the talk would go on by the hour.

At one of the homes where he was a frequent winter-evening caller it is related that he always had something to tell of occurrences during the day, or sights seen, which had amused him. With his long legs stretched out toward the fire, he would chatter and gurgle and burst into occasional explosions of laughter so hearty that he would sometimes slide out of his chair and land on the floor.

In the newspaper office he did his writing at a rickety old table, and as he was an inveterate whittler it was marvelously notched and gashed. His chair was a wabbling, unsteady affair, and while he worked he sat with one leg hooked over its arm. When a funny idea came to him he would laugh with a guffaw that seemed to shake him from his heels upward. Sometimes he would pound the table with his fists, slap his long, thin leg that hung over the arm of the chair, and laugh uproariously. On these occasions he would often call his associates and read to them what he had written.

He was by no means a good routine reporter, for he was inclined to be indolent and lacking in enterprise; but his column was read less for the newsy information it contained than for the bright witticisms the reader was sure to find in every issue.

Browne was very ready at repartee, and there was

a wholesome fear of his pen among rival members of the profession. One day he opened a neat package that had been left on his table and found a jack-knife inside. A reporter for another paper—a notoriously homely man—heard of it, and published a paragraph to the effect that Browne richly merited the knife. In the next issue of the *Plain Dealer* Browne retorted by naming this person, and saying:

"He is the homeliest man in America. He has broken five cameras in endeavoring to get a picture of himself to send to the children of a bitter personal enemy, maliciously intending to frighten them to death. He has been offered a good salary to stand up in a corn-field as a scarecrow. He is compelled to get up three times every night to rest his face. In his courting days he was utterly unsuccessful until he had procured a mask."

A writer who could use his pen in such a fashion was a dangerous person to attack, and he rarely failed to turn the laugh on his antagonists.

His room-mate, Jack Ryder, was a genial companion. He was called Reginald by Browne, who was in the habit of addressing his friends by almost any names but the ones with which they had been christened. Browne liked to lie awake and talk, and some of his wittiest sayings were made during these wakeful night hours. One of his whims was to rouse Ryder at some unseasonable hour and tell him he wanted to see something funny. No protest could move Browne from his determination, and his bed-

fellow had to dress and accompany him in a search after something funny. Together they would wander about the streets until that something had been seen, and Browne's craving was satisfied. After he had had a hearty laugh they would return to their room, and he would soon be sleeping as soundly as a child.

A favorite diversion was to take a long Sunday drive into the country. Once, when accompanied by his friend Ryder, he stopped at a little tavern kept by a portly, good-natured old lady. They hitched their horse and went in. "What kind of victuals do you cook, madam?" asked Browne, addressing the landlady.

"Almost anything," was the reply.

"I think a hen would suit us," said he. "A good tough hen is not a bad thing, is it? Have you one already murdered, madam?"

"I don't murder them," she answered. "I wring their necks."

It was agreed that she should supply a hen for their repast, and she went to the barn to secure one. Later Browne joined her in the kitchen, put on a huge calico apron, and helped in the dinner preparations. At length all three sat down to enjoy the feast. Before carving the fowl, however, Browne insisted that the landlady should bring him a piece of pie. The odd request provoked her curiosity, and in explanation he said:

"Madam, I never sit down to table without a

piece of pie before me. For when I was a boy my mother could not get me to chop wood without promising me a piece of pie, and I got so accustomed to having it that I can't be happy without it."

When the repast was finished and Browne asked how much they owed, the old lady said she thought three shillings would be about right. The price was small, but Browne put on an injured air and said in an indignant tone: "Madam, do you take me for a millionaire?"

For a time he insisted that she ought to make some allowance for his assistance in cooking the hen, but in the end, with his usual generosity, he paid her double the amount she had asked.

On the way home Browne gave way to one of those freaks of which he was constantly being guilty. They were riding along an elevated portion of the road when he remarked, "Reginald, this thing is growing monotonous."

Immediately he pulled the horse aside, and they plunged down the steep embankment. Fortunately, neither of them was injured, and the only damage was a broken wheel. With a fence-rail they braced up the sagging corner of the vehicle and slowly made their way back to town.

Browne published in the *Plain Dealer* several of the first of his sketches in which he assumed the name and character of Artemus Ward, showman, exhibitor of wax figures and wild beasts. These were copied in hundreds of newspapers and gave him a national

fame. He began also contributing to *Vanity Fair*, a humorous New York publication, and in 1860 left Cleveland for the metropolis. Before long he became the editor of *Vanity Fair*, but that periodical did not long survive. Ward wrote to a friend that, "The poor paper got to be a conundrum, and so I gave it up."

He, of course, made many friends in the city and had numerous odd adventures. One anecdote tells how, late one evening, he and two companions came forth from a Twenty-third Street theater and began singing a joyous carol. The song was interrupted by a policeman, who roughly ordered them to stop their noise. At this Artemus, opening his arms, embraced the policeman affectionately, and, leaning on his broad bosom, gave way to a gush of passionate tears. His friends endeavored to calm him; and the embarrassed officer begged him to desist, which he did, with the declaration that "the metropolitan policeman is the noblest work of God." This sentiment secured escape and a continuance of the song. In another after-theater lark he was aided and abetted by two friends, one of whom was an actor; and this actor furnished them each with a complete suit of armor and a stout broadsword. They donned the armor, grasped the weapons, and sallied forth in the still hours of the night. Up and down the streets they marched in grim array, and whenever they encountered a defenseless citizen they made him get down on his knees and pray for mercy.

Then, after frightening him almost out of his senses, they would permit him to go on his way. But at last their fun was brought to an abrupt termination by the police, who marched them off to the Tombs, where they had to spend the remainder of the night.

Browne's life was one of unrest, and he had no permanent abode. His "summer loaf," as he called it, was usually spent at the old homestead in Waterford. Sometimes he brought his friend Daniel Setchell, the comedian, with him. Setchell's pranks and the jokes of Artemus were a constant source of annoyance to Mrs. Browne, who was totally devoid of any humorous sense. While at Waterford, Setchell, who was growing stout, diligently sawed and split wood, carried water from the old well, and exerted himself as much as possible with the hope of reducing his flesh. Artemus, who was thin and very much averse to physical exertion, would sit on the woodpile in a state of pleasurable indolence and contemplate his friend's labors with ax and saw.

One day the two drove from Portland to Waterford, and had, as they reported, "a solemn time" of it. Charles had tied a great rope around Setchell and represented that he was an insane man whom he was bringing home from the asylum at Augusta. He called at a number of houses and asked for mixtures of pepper and vinegar and other condiments to give to the insane man as medicine. While pretending to take these Setchell would affect great aversion, and struggle as if resisting

to the utmost, and roar and howl like the wild beasts in a menagerie, which he could perfectly imitate. It was great fun to the travelers to observe the fear and wonder of those who witnessed this performance.

During his stay at his old home Artemus came forth one morning and, standing on the front door-step, let out something like an Indian war-whoop. This was heard by a neighbor, who came across the village green to investigate. There was Charles, clad in a long dressing-gown gorgeously flowered, and having perched on the side of his head a scarlet smoking-cap ornamented with a large white tassel. Browne informed the neighbor that the world about him was perfectly delightful, and whooped again and again. His mother, alarmed at the noise, now appeared on the scene. "Charles, what on earth ails you?" she said.

"Why, mother, it is because I feel so well," he replied.

So saying, he gave another whoop, turned a handspring, and then stood on his head.

Artemus had considered the possibility of entering the lecture field before he left Cleveland, and his pecuniary returns in New York were so small that he made up his mind to take this method of increasing his income. He prepared a burlesque lecture that consisted of a string of jests and satire; but what title should he give it? First he thought of calling it "My Seven Grandmothers," but finally adopted the name "Babes in the Wood." The lecture was

first delivered at the suburban town of Norwich, Connecticut, and the audience was enthusiastic. Then New York was flooded with placards announcing that

ARTEMUS WARD

WILL

SPEAK A PIECE

and Clinton Hall was hired for December 23, 1861. But the night was wildly stormy, only a small audience braved the elements, and the lecture did not pay expenses. It consisted of a rambling batch of comicalities which touched on nearly everything, but made scarcely a reference to the "Babes." Indeed, Artemus later said, "One of the features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it."

In starting to speak he would mention the title of his lecture and immediately digress to matters that had no relation whatever to this title. At the end of an hour and twenty minutes, which he considered the limit of time that the public would enjoy listening to his drollery, he said, "I now come to my subject—'The Babes in the Wood.'"

Then he would take out his watch and look at it with pretended surprise and an appearance of great perplexity. "But I find that I have exceeded my time," said he. "I will therefore merely remark that so far as I know they were very good babes—they were as good as ordinary babes. I really have

not time to go into their history. You will find it in all the story-books. They died in the wood listening to the woodpecker tapping at the hollow birch-tree. It was a sad fate, and I pity them. So I hope do you. Good night."

For two years he continued to lecture, often in obscure villages and to thin houses, and with very little profit. Then the tide turned, and he rapidly became very popular. His manner on the platform was quaint and sad. He did not smile, no matter to what delicious absurdities he was giving utterance, and the jokes fell from his lips as if he was unconscious of their humor. He spoke slowly, with long pauses between his sentences, to allow his audience to laugh if they pleased. His voice was soft, and his tone often one of gentle pleading. In the middle of his discourse he would hesitate and stop. Then he would say, "Owing to a slight indisposition we will now have an intermission of fifteen minutes."

The audience showed evident dismay at the prospect of staring at vacancy for a quarter of an hour. He, however, quickly came to their relief by rubbing his hands, as if with satisfaction over a sudden idea, and saying, "But, ah—during the intermission I will go on with my lecture."

His first volume, entitled, *Artemus Ward: His Book*, was published in 1862. It was everywhere hailed with delight, and forty thousand copies were sold. Artemus mingled the eccentric even in his business letters. Once he wrote to his publisher,

who had made some alterations in his manuscript: "The next book I write I'm going to get *you* to write."

After a time Artemus prepared a second lecture which he called "Sixty Minutes in Africa." When he delivered this lecture in Springfield, Massachusetts, he said in his preliminary remarks to the audience: "I have come here to lecture in order that I might get money enough to go to Africa. I should feel that I had lived in vain if I did not go to Africa; and"—he drew out his handkerchief and apparently broke into sobs, while in a choking voice he declared—"I don't want to live in vain. I had rather live in Springfield."

The lecture itself began in this wise: "I have invited you to listen to a discourse on Africa. Africa is my subject. It is a very large subject. It has the Atlantic Ocean on its left side, the Indian Ocean on the right, and more water than you could measure at its smaller end. Africa produces blacks—ivory blacks—they get ivory. It also produces deserts, and that is the reason it is so much deserted by travelers. Africa is famed for its roses. It has the red rose, the white rose, and the neg-roes. In the middle of the continent is what is called a 'howling wilderness,' but I have never heard it howl, nor met any one who has."

The rest of his lecture was irrelevant to the title until, in closing, he said: "Africa, ladies and gentlemen, is my subject. You wish me to tell you some-

thing about Africa. Africa is on the map—it is on all the maps of Africa that I have ever seen. You can buy a good map of Africa for a dollar, and if you will study it well you will know more about Africa than I do. It is a comprehensive subject, too vast, I assure you, for me to enter upon to-night. If you go home and go to bed, it will be better for you than to go with me to Africa."

In October, 1863, Artemus started for California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. He found the new region on the Western coast an excellent field for his lecturing, and there was one night when he took in sixteen hundred dollars. The next year he returned overland with a considerable amount of money. On the way he stopped at Salt Lake City, where he secured material for his most successful lecture, "Among the Mormons." He suffered from a severe illness at Salt Lake City, and one result was that a good deal of his hair dropped out. This he thought gave his countenance such a forlorn appearance that he bought a pair of curling-tongs, and from that day forth Artemus was a curly-haired man.

The advertising he did in connection with his lectures was whimsical and eccentric. The tickets to his Mormon lecture read as follows:

ADMIT THE BEARER

AND ONE WIFE

Yours Truly,

A. WARD.

On his way back from California he had his bills posted at all the stage stations, though some of them were miles from any other human habitation. The bills contained these words: "A Lecture will be delivered here, in a sweet voice, by Artemus Ward, the Wild Humorist of the Plains."

Artemus had no conception of the value of money, and was loose and careless in his business habits. At one time, while on the *Plain Dealer*, he accumulated a hundred dollars. This seemed to him the foundation of a fortune, and he amused his friends by telling them of the large projects he had in mind. In his last years he made money rapidly and dispersed it as freely as it came. For months he supported some of his bohemian friends in New York, who found it was easy to impose on him.

In the time of his prosperity a fondness for dress developed that was a weakness, and he wore a large diamond pin and an immense diamond ring. There was a tinge of sorrow in his expression, and when not directly engaged he was inclined to abstraction. His eyes were quick and discerning and readily twinkled with humor. A heavy mustache concealed his mouth. His hands were remarkably delicate.

Once he was to lecture at a remote place where he was not known By the time he was ready to appear before the audience they had grown impatient and began to stamp with their feet and to whistle. Then Ward came forth on the platform and moved about, dusting the chairs and desk. The people took

him for a janitor's assistant and became still more impatient. At last Artemus threw aside the dust-cloth, faced the audience, and said: "Now, having dusted the furniture, I will begin my lecture."

One time his mother came from Maine to hear him lecture in Boston. She had a favorite uncle by the name of Ransford Bates whom she delighted to quote. If she could add to an affirmation of her own, "My uncle Ransford Bates said so," she considered the matter settled beyond dispute.

Artemus determined to give her a little surprise, and in his lecture, at the end of some shocking absurdity, he remarked: "I know that is true, for my uncle Ransford Bates said so."

The statement made his mother jump, and she never quite forgave him for this irreverent use of such an important authority.

At Cleveland, where he had formerly labored as a reporter, he told, as a part of his lecture, the following story: "A lazy man became extremely thirsty on a certain hot day, but he was so disinclined to walk five rods to a cool spring that he took a tea-kettle from a hot stove, filled a bowl from it, and after much blowing over the surface of the steaming water in the bowl reduced its temperature enough below the scalding-point so he could slake his thirst." The lecturer now stepped to the front of the platform and, remarking that he did not wish to shield a shirk from the public gaze, concluded by pointing out the hero of this true tale and saying: "He is

Charley Park, sitting right down there in the second seat."

In the roar of laughter that followed no one laughed louder than the lecturer's friend, Charley Park himself.

As his popularity increased Artemus found his autograph was much in demand. Every night after the lecture an armful of albums was brought to his room; but often he was so exhausted he would throw himself on the bed with his feet on the footboard and refuse to write in the albums. So, rather than have the autograph collectors disappointed, the lecturer's agent wrote in the books.

Artemus had a habit of jotting down for future use such fancies as occurred to him, and in a note-book which has been preserved are found such items as these:

"Coffee is a slow poison—slowest poison k[illegible]n."

"Nearly all men are mortal."

"People who don't like my lecture won't come to a good end."

"New Haven depot—thought it was a dungeon."

He went to England, in 1866, where he at once became a great favorite. Never had an American coming to London a stranger so quickly won the favor and friendship of the English people. He began to contribute to *Punch*, and when his lectures started in November he drew crowded audiences.

The delicate state of his health was very apparent, but until too late he yielded to the influence

of his admirers, and did not conserve his energies by regular habits, careful diet, and the avoidance of exposure. The lectures came to an abrupt end on January 23, 1867, and he went to the Isle of Jersey, hoping to be benefited by its mild climate. But he steadily grew worse, and he returned to Southampton in southern England, intending to embark from there for America.

In this illness a particularly devoted attendant was Tom Robertson, one of the most successful English playwrights of that time. While Artemus was at Southampton, too feeble to undertake the ocean voyage, Robertson one day poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. "My dear Tom," said the sick man, "I can't take that dreadful stuff."

"Come, come," responded Robertson; "do take it for my sake; you know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Ward, feebly.

"I would, indeed," affirmed Robertson.

"Then you take it," said Ward.

A few hours later the humorist passed away. He died on the sixth of March, 1867, not quite thirty-three years old. He was given an impressive funeral in London, and later his body was transferred to his native town of Waterford, Maine. Both in his home land and in England he was universally beloved, and in the literary world the death of no man since that of Washington Irving, in 1859, had caused such general and wide-spread regret.

In what Artemus Ward wrote there was naturally more or less that was ephemeral. Often he took topics or referred to things that had a local or timely interest which the passing years have rendered no longer intelligible or interesting. The editing I have done consists in selecting the stories that are most vital, and in an occasional omission from these of irrelevant matter or that which is objectionably coarse. Except for such omissions the text is exactly as it originally appeared.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

HADLEY, MASS.

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS

To the Editor of the ———:

Sir,—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal), wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Tayler, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as

we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewlolgical animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P. S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

THE SHAKERS

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contack with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into

the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf, and I endevered to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners they'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay!"

I pawsed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin, and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary traveler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary traveler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table, and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller." [N. B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoose me, marm, but I dont think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. *You* ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbans. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin

enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's hav sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "my pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," thay sed, and I *yay'd.*

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and

rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin apperel on except his night close. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville and that Betsy Jane cum out and give us a warm recepshun with a panfull of Bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me down stairs. Then, sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "my Shaker frends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfust my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *yay* agin?"

Huggin and kissin like young lovers

"Nay," they sed, and I *nay'd.*

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They commenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile and sed: "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continnerin his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancestors used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibralter probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin

weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable, and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all."

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA

In the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases.

1 day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to

the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you abowt?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say, but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree.

CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE IN HONOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE

Baldinsville, Injianny, Sep the onct, 18&58.—I was summund home from Cinsinnaty quite suddin by a lettur from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin as how grate things was on the Tappis in that air town in refferunse to sellebratin the compleshun of the Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & axkin me to be Pressunt. Lockin up my Kangeroo and wax wurks in a sekure stile, I took my departer for Baldinsville—"my own, my nativ lan," which I gut intwo at early kandle litin on the follerin night & just as the sellerbrashun and illumernashun ware commensin.

Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can I forgit the surblime speckticul which met my gase as I alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise. The Tavern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurds—"Giv us Liberty or Deth." Old Tompkinsis grosery was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank

Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th centerry—may intestines strife never mar their grandure." Simpkinsis shoe shop was all ablase with kandles and lantuns. A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these wurds, viz—"The Constitooshun must be Presarved." The Skoolhouse was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filled with mottoes amung which I notised the follerin—"Trooth smashed to erth shall rize agin—YOU CAN'T STOP HER." "The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled." "Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time." "Be virtoous & you will be Happy." "Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble—shun the Bole," an the follerin sentiment written by the skoolmaster, who graduated at Hudson Kollige. "Baldinsville sends greetin to her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped frum our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a elecktric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!" Squire Smith's house was lited up regardlis of expense. His little sun William Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his door-step, pintin his sword sollumly to a

American flag which was suspended on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequiently he wood take orf his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter Mis Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perkinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteus 1, sed I to myself, you air a angil & nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the Squire's oldest sun, drest hisself up as Venus the God of Wars and red the Decleration of Inderpendunse from the left chambir winder. The Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She sed it was the tarnulest nonsense she ever seed. Sez she to the Squire, "Cum into the house and go to bed, you old fool, you. Tomorrer you'll be goin round half-ded with the rumertism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you git well." Sez the Squire, "Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which I this night commemerate." Sez she, "Commemerate a cat's tail—cum into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," sez the Squire, wavin his sword, "retire." This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, but cum out agin putty quick with a panful of Bilin hot water which she throwd all over the Squire, & Surs, you wood have split your sides larfin to see the old man jump up and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropishus circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byrun sez. Doctor

Hutchinsis offiss was likewise lited up, and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville

Bugle of Liberty noospaper offiss was also illumernated; the follerin mottoes stuck out — "The Press is the Arkermejian leaver which moves the world." "Vote Early." "Buckle on your Armer." "Now is the time to Subscribe." "Franklin, Morse & Field." "Terms $1.50 a year—liberal reducshuns to clubs." In short the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar befour in my born days. Ile not atemt to describe the seens of that grate night. Wurds wood fale me ef I shood try to do it. I shall stop here a

few periods and enjoy my "Oatem cum dig the tates," as our skool master obsarves, in the buzzum of my famerly, & shall then resume the show biznis, which Ive bin into twenty two (22) yeres and six (6) months.

AMONG THE SPIRITS

My naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret biznis excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis, but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that Mrs. Ward is a invalerble womun—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunse she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. Ingomer in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt
2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "hear cums the be-

nited man"—"hear cums the hory-heded unbeleever"—"hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "my frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

1 of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellecks than other men had and thay wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests and wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immateriel, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of superhuman natur becum mettymorfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasant as possible, I sung out "bully for you, old boy."]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anbody in the Sperret land which I wood like to convarse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I should like to convarse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?"

sed 1 of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show biznis, William," sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspeer, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed Bun (meanin Mr. Bunyan) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal.

Sez I, "William, my luvly frend, can you pay me

that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunsed.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Air you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furder.

I then called fur my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there perfeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut biznis & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt they axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "my frends, I've bin into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleazes, & them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin

his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the piece of mind of evry famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperret rappers—them as makes a biznis on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life." So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home.

Respectably Yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

ON THE WING

Gents of the Editoral Corpse:

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my show in varis places, particly at Detroit. I put up at Mr. Russel's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerable, & as I was drest in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes Sir, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one

hand and a handful of Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the peple in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockins & be the ser-*lave* of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin

which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I have no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizness," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "this ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"*It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Sarpent!*" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son Artemus junior is goin on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example b4 him he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoe makin bizness," I replied. "I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, Sir," I obsarved, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll get into a warmer one by and by if you don't mind your own bizness better." I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I'm onwell. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if

he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better give men Prusick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun, pretty enough to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my hanbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. Ward's onparaleld show, conspickusly posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when Western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These Western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. Ward.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD

Dear Sirs:

I TAKE my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year-old steer, and in the futer them boys which sez to me "go up, old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individooally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "it air"; but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax wurks and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavurn tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare heded

& terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzud, but it's grate doins," & then he larfed as if he'd kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery, etsettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rushed out and ceased my dubble barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she

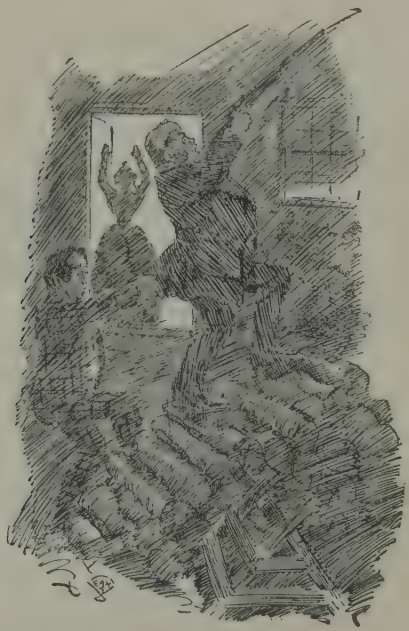
grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continnerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her pretty face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall, put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.



"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I,

drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed whare I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of peple seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Docter Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waying abowt 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfeck coop de tat," sed the skoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislater for a City Charter?"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conspickius place in the next *Bugle*."

"How redicklus," sed pretty Susan Fletcher, cov-

erin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possest.

"Wall, for my part," sed Jane Maria Peasley, who is the crossest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

WHEREAS, two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & WHEREAS I like this stile, sade twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Engin Ko. No. 17, who, under the impreshun from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that thare was a konflagration goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot, but kindly refraned frum squirtin.

Resolved, that frum the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that great nite & sinse.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole

dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns towards the follerin individoouls, to whit namelee — Mis Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoosed to take a sent for a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife, who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who nobly assisted me in wollupin my Kangeroo, which sagashus little cuss seriusly disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screetchins & kickins up; Mis Hirum Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsunses, & Watsunses fur there menny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures, ARTEMUS WARD.

THE OCTOROON

It is with no ordernary feelins of Shagrin & indignashun that I rite you these here lines. Sum of the hiest and most purest feelins whitch actooate the humin hart has bin trampt onto. The Amerycan flag has bin outrajed. Ive bin nussin a Adder in my Boozum. The fax in the kase is these here:

A few weeks ago I left Baldinsville to go to N. Y. fur to git out my flamin yeller hanbills fur the Summer kampane, & as I was peroosin a noospaper on the kars a middel aged man in speckterkuls kum & sot down beside onto me. He was drest in black close & was appeerently as fine a man as ever was.

"A fine day, Sir," he did unto me strateway say.

"Middlin," sez I, not wishin to kommit myself, tho he peered to be as fine a man as there was in the wurld. "It is a middlin fine day, Squire," I obsarved.

Sez he, "How fares the Ship of State in yure regine of country?"

Sez I, "We don't hav no ships in our State—the kanawl is our best holt."

He pawsed a minit, and then sed, "Air yu aware, Sir, that the krisis is with us?"

"No," sez I, gettin up and lookin under the seet, "whare is she?"

"It's hear—it's everywhares," he sed.

Sez I, "Why, how you tawk!" and I gut up agin & lookt all round. "I must say, my fren," I continnered, as I resoomed my seet, "that I kan't see nothin of no krisis myself." I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentowrian voice obsarved that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis consealed abowt their persons they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individoouls snickered rite out, while a putty little damsell rite behind me in a pinc gown made the observashun, "He, he."

"Sit down, my fren," sed the man in black close, "yu miskomprehend me. I meen that the perlittercal ellermunts are orecast with black klouds, 4boden a friteful storm."

"Wall," replide I, "in regard to perlittercal ellerfunts I don't know as how but what they is as good as enny other kind of ellerfunts. But I maik bold to say thay is all a ornery set & onpleasant to hav round. They air powerful hevy eaters & take up a right smart chans of room, & besides thay air as ugly and revenjeful as a Cusscaroarus Injun, with 13 inches of corn whisky in his stummick." The man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the wurld. He smilt & sed praps I was rite, tho it was ellermunts instid of ellerfunts that he was alludin to, & axed me what was my prinserpuls?

"I haint gut enny," sed I—"not a prinserpul. Ime in the show biznis." The man in black close, I will hear obsarve, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the wurld.

"But," sez he, "you hav feelins into you? You simpathize with the misfortunit, the loly & the hart-sick, don't you?" He bust into teers and axed me ef I saw that yung lady in the seet out yender, pintin to as slick a lookin gal as I ever seed.

Sed I, "2 be shure I see her—is she mutch sick?" The man in black close was appeerently as fine a man as ever was in the wurld ennywhares.

"Draw closter to me," sed the man in black close. "Let me git my mowth fernenst yure ear. Hush—SHESE A OCTOROON!"

"No!" sez I, gittin up in a exsited manner, "yu don't say so! How long has she bin in that way?"

"Frum her arliest infuncy," sed he.

"Wall, whot upon arth duz she doo it fur?" I inquired.

"She kan't help it," sed the man in black close. "It's the brand of Kane."

"Wall, she'd better stop drinkin Kane's brandy," I replide.

"I sed the brand of Kane was upon her—not brandy, my fren. Yure very obtoose."

I was konsiderbul riled at this. Sez I, "My gentle Sir, Ime a nonresistanter as a ginral thing, & don't want to git up no rows with nobuddy, but I kin nevertheles kave in enny man's hed that calls me a obtoos," with whitch remarks I kommenst fur to

pull orf my extry garmints. "Cum on," sez I, & I darnced round like a poppit. He riz up in his seet & axed my pardin—sed it was all a mistake—that I was a good man, etsettery, & sow 4th, & we fixt it all up pleasant. I must say the man in black close seamed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the wurld. He sed a Octoroon was the 8th of a negrow. He likewise statid that the female he was travelin with was formurly a slave in Mississippy; that shed purchist her freedim & now wantid to purchiss the freedim of her poor old muther, who (the man in black close obsarved) was between 87 years of age & had to do all the cookin & washin for 25 hired men, whitch it was rapidly breakin down her konstitushun. He sed he knowed the minit he gazed onto my klassic & beneverlunt fase that I'd donate librully & axed me to go over & see her, which I accordinly did. I sot down beside her and sed "yure Sarvant, Marm! How do yer git along?"

She bust in 2 teers & said, "O Sur, I'm so retchid—I'm a poor unfortunit Octoroon."

"So I larn. Yure rather more Roon than Octo, I take it," sed I, fur I never seed a puttier gal in the hull endoorin time of my life. She had on a More Antic Barsk & a Poplin Nubier with Berage trimmins onto it, while her Ise & kurls was enuff to make a man jump into a mill pond without biddin his relashuns good by. I pittid the Octoroon from the inmost recusses of my hart & hawled out 50 dollers kerslap, & told her to buy her old muther as soon as

posserbul. Sez she, "kine sir, mutch thanks." She then lade her hed over onto my showlder & sed I was "old rats." I was astonished to heer this obsarvation, which I knowd was never used in refined society, & I perlitely but emfatterсly shoved her hed away.

Sez I, "Marm, I'm trooly sirprized."

Sez she, "git out. Yure the nicist old man Ive seen yit. Give us anuther 50!" Had a seleck assortment of the most tremenjious thunderbolts de-

scended down onto me I couldn't hav bin more takin aback. I jumpt up, but she ceased my coat tales & in a wild voise cride, "No, Ile never desart you—let us fli together to a furrin shoor!"

Sez I, "not mutch we wont," and I made a powerful effort to get awa from her. "This is plade out," I sed, whereupon she jerkt me back into the seet. "Leggo my coat, you scandaluss female," I roared, when she set up the most unarthly yellin and hollerin you ever heerd. The passinjers & the gentlemunly konducter rusht to the spot, & I don't think I ever experiunsed sich a rumpus in the hull coarse of my natral dase. The man in black close rusht up to me & sed, "How dair yu insult my neece, you horey heded vagabone? You base exhibbiter of low wax figgers—yu woolf in sheep's close," & sow 4th.

I was konfoozed. I was a loonytick fur the time bein, and offered $5 reward to enny gentleman of good morrul carracter who wood tell me what my name was & what town I livd into. The konducter kum to me & sed the insultid parties wood settle for $50, which I immejitly hawled out, & agane implored sumbuddy to state whare I was prinsipully, & if I shood be thare a grate while myself ef things went on as they'd bin goin fur sum time back. I then axed if there was enny more Octoroons present, "becawz," sez I, "ef there is, let um cum along, fur Ime in the Octoroon bizniss." I then threw my speckterkuls out of the winder, smasht my hat wildly down over my Ise, larfed highsterically & fell under a

seet. I lay there sum time & fell asleep. I dreamt Mrs. Ward & the twins had bin carrid orf by Ryenosserhosses & that Baldinsville had bin captered by a army of Octoroons. When I awoked the lamps was a burnin dimly. Sum of the passinjers was a snorein like pawpusses & the little damsell in the pinc gown was a singin "Oft in the Silly nite." The onprinsipuld Octoroon & the miserbul man in black close was gone, & all of a suddent it flasht orc my brane that I'de bin swindild.

EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR

In the Ortum of 18— my frend, the editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle*, was obleged to leave perfeshernal dooties & go & dig his taters, & he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. Accordinly I ground up his Shears and commenced. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the xchanges for one issoo, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Branes, which had

bin severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Road offiss and axed the Sooprintendent for a pars.

"*You* a editer?" he axed, evijently on the pint of snickerin.

"Yes Sir," sez I, "don't I look poor enuff?"

"Just about," sed he, "but our Road can't pars you."

"Can't, hay?"

"No Sir—it can't."

"Becawz," sez I, lookin him full in the face with a Eagle eye, "*it goes so darned slow it can't pars anybody!*" Methinks I had him thare. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air, he told me to git out of his offiss. I pittid him and went.

OBERLIN

About two years ago I arove in Oberlin, Ohio. Oberlin is whare the celebrated college is. In fack, Oberlin *is* the college, everything else in that air vicinity resolvin around excloosivly for the benefit of that institushun. It is a very good college, too, & a grate many wurthy yung men go there annooally to git intelleck into 'em. But its my onbiassed 'pinion that they go it rather too strong on Ethiopians at Oberlin. But that's nun of my bizniss. I'm into the Show bizniss. Yit as a faithful historan I must menshun the fack that on rainy dase white peple can't find their way threw the streets without the gas is lit, there bein such a numerosity of cullered pussons in the town.

As I was sayin, I aroved at Oberlin, and called on Perfesser Peck for the purpuss of skewerin Kolonial Hall to exhibit my wax wurks and beests of Pray into. Kolonial Hall is in the college and is used by the stujents to speak peaces and read essays into.

Sez Perfesser Peck, "Mister Ward, I don't know 'bout this bizniss. What are your sentimunts?"

Sez I, "I hain't got any."

"Good God!" cried the Perfesser, "did I understan you to say you hav no sentimunts?"

"Nary a sentimunt!" sez I.

"Mister Ward, don't your blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your cullered brethren air a clanking their chains in the South?"

Sez I, "not a bile! Let em clank!"

He was about to continner his flowry speech when I put a stopper on him. Sez I, "Perfesser Peck, A. Ward is my name & Ameriky is my nashun; I'm allers the same, tho' humble is my stashun, and I've bin in the show bizniss goin on 22 years. The pint is, can I hav your Hall by payin a fair price? You air full of sentimunts. That's your lay, while I'm a exhibiter of startlin curiosities. What d'ye say?"

"Mister Ward, you air endowed with a hily practical mind, and while I deeply regret that you air devoid of sentimunts, I'll let you hav the hall provided your exhibishun is of a moral & elevatin nater."

Sez I, "Tain't nothin shorter."

So I opened in Kolonial Hall, which was crowded every nite with stujents, &c. Perfesser Finny gazed for hours at my Kangeroo, but when that sagashus but onproncipled little cuss set up one of his onarthly yellins and I proceeded to hosswhip him, the Perfesser objected. "Suffer not your angry pashuns to rise up at the poor annimil's little exsentrissities," said the Perfesser.

"Do you call such conduck as *those* a little exsentrissity?" I axed.

The Kangeroo grabd the Perfesser by the hand

"I do," sed he, sayin which he walked up to the cage and sez he, "let's try moral swashun upon the poor creeter." So he put his hand upon the Kangeroo's hed and sed, "poor little feller—poor little feller—your master is very crooil, isn't he, my untootered frend," when the Kangeroo, with a terrific yell, grabd the Perfesser by the hand and cum very near chawin it orf. It was amoozin to see the Perfesser jump up and scream with pane. Sez I, "that's one of the poor little feller's exsentrissities!"

Sez he, "Mister Ward, that's a dangerous quadruped. He's totally depraved. I will retire and do my lasserated hand up in a rag, and meanwhile I request you to meat out summery and severe punishment to the vishus beest." I hosswhipt the little cuss for upwards of 15 minutes. Guess I licked sum of his exsentrissity out of him.

Oberlin is a grate plase. The College opens with a prayer, and then the New York *Tribune* is read. A kolleckshun is then taken up to buy overkoats with red horn buttons onto them for the indignant cullered people of Kanady. I have to contribit librally two the glowrius work, as they kawl it hear. I'm kompelled by the Fackulty to reserve front seets in my show for the cullered peple. At the Boardin House the cullered peple sit at the first table. What they leeve is maid into hash for the white peple. As I don't like the idee of eatin my vittles with Etheopians, I sit at the seckind table, and the konsequence is I've devowered so much hash that my

inards is in a hily mixt up condishun. Fish bones have maid their appearance all over my boddy and pertater peelins air a springin up through my hair. Howsever I don't mind it. I'm gittin along well in a pecoonery pint of view. The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T. K., of which I'm suffishuntly prowd.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP

THARE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intensly arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn floor.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens.

I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed:

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there now cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized

to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks"—

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and

fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and seveerly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practicul purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, & was made 1 that very nite.

(Notiss to the Printer: Put some stars here.)

* * * * * * *

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekaled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangeroo in Ameriky—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

THE CRISIS

On returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injianny, resuntly, my feller sitterzens extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on larst Toosday nite I peared be4 a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke nearly as follers:

Baldinsvillins: Hearto4, as I hav numerously obsarved, I have abstrained from havin any sentimunts or principles, my pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disgised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammertory individooals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't shamed to state that I don't, scacely. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for sevral weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned Bizniss of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests. Alow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at presnt is as harmless as the new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that

pint. To resoom—Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the origernal cawz of her is. The origernal cawz is Our Afrikan Brother. I was into Barnim's Moozeum down to New York the other day & saw that exsentric Etheopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, you folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be ruther more numeris than interestin. It is a pity you coodent go orf sumwhares by yourselves, & be a nashun of What Is Its, tho if you'll excoose me, I shoodent care about marryin among you. No dowt you're exceedin charmin to hum, but your stile of luvliness isn't adapted to this cold climit. He larfed into my face, which rather Riled me, as I had been perfeckly virtoous and respectable in my observashuns. So sez I, turnin a leetle red in the face I spect, "Do you hav the unblushin impoodents to say you folks haven't raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whareupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & taik all the other What Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your interestin picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the gratest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally hav the owdassity to larf about it. Go home, you low cuss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch, & I proceeded to a Restorator & cooled orf with some little fishes biled in ile—I b'leeve thay call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzens, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevral hily respectyble gentlemen and sum talentid females tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooced to grant it, tho I don't bleeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevral of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfarther, and our grate grandfarther, and our Aunt in the country. Scacely. & yit numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & sevral other public grosserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise.

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosanse. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I statid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he coodent go orf sumwhares quietly by hisself, whare he cood wear red weskits & speckled neckties, & gratterfy his ambishun in varis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He woodent be sich a infernal noosanse if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone. What's the good of continnerly stirrin him up with a ten foot pole?

Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The

black devil Disunion is trooly here, starein us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of anuther brother? Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dish-cloths? Standin here in this here Skool House, upon my native shore so to speak, I anser—Nary!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row, & who in the fust place startid it, I'm shamed of you. The Showman blushes for you, from his boots to the top-most hair upon his wenerable hed.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the supervisers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsomever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my campane with my Show, wharever I pitch my little tent, you shall see floatin prowdly from the center pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thare! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half price.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordinly I squatted.

WAX FIGURES VS. SHAKESPEARE

ONTO THE WING——1859.

Mr. Editor:

I TAKE my Pen in hand to inform yu that I'm in good helth and trust these few lines will find yu injoyin the same blessins. I wood also state that I'm now on the summir kampane. As the Poit sez—

ime erflote, ime erflote
On the Swift rollin tied
An the Rovir is free.

Bizness is scacely middlin, but Sirs I manige to pay for my foode and raiment puncktooally and without no grumblin. The barked arrers of slandur has bin leviled at the undersined moren onct sins heze bin into the show bizness, but I make bold to say no man on this footstule kan troothfully say I ever ronged him or enny of his folks. I'm travelin with a tent, which is better nor hirin hauls. My show konsists of a serious of wax works, snaiks, a panerama kalled a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, komic songs and the Kangeroo, which larst little cuss continners to konduct hisself in the most outrajus stile. I started out with the idear of

makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompeled to sware so much at that air infurnal Kangeroo that I'm frade this desine will be flustratid to some extent. And while speakin of morrality, remines me that sum folks turn up their nosis at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patrernized by peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernul nonsense. I manetane that wax fig-

gers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakspeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the kontrary. What sort of sence is thare to King Leer who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throin straws at folks, and larfin like a silly old koot and makin a ass of hisself ginerally? Thare's Mrs. Mackbeth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round aint she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkan with a cheeze knife, while heze payin a frendly visit to their house. That Jack Fawlstarf is likewise a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may, and Hamlick is as crazy as a

loon. Thare's Richurd the Three peple think heze grate things, but I look upon him in the lite of a monkster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to in kold blud, and then goze to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss so he kan go orf and kill sum more peple. If he isent a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shood like to know whare you find um. Thare's Iargo, who is more ornery nor pizun. See how shameful he treated that lily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleeve his wife was two thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to karry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mister Otheller's feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the dramer in which I shall show the varst supeeriority of wax figgers and snaiks over theater plays, in a interlectooal pint of view.

Very Respectively yures,

A. Ward, T. K.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS[1]

Some years ago I pitched my tent and onfurled my banner to the breeze in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who bleeved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on gineral principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided peple by showin them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vane! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of heven to blow onto their boozums. Their

[1] Some queer people, calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality, established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio. Public opinion was resistlessly against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.

pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't ware boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfeckly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst, and you would have found me at fust if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endeverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum, and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd. "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institushuns. I think your Affinerty bizniss is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wimmin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlus gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimmin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile." I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

SCANDALOUS DOINGS AT PITTSBURG

HEAR in the Buzzum of my famerly I am enjoyin myself, at peas with awl mankind and the wimmin folks likewise. I go down to the village ockashunly and take a little old Rye fur the stummuck's sake, but I avoyd spiritus lickers as a ginral thing. No man evir seen me intossikated but onct, and that air happind in Pittsburg. A parsel of ornery cusses in that luvly sity bustid inter the hawl durin the nite and aboosed my wax wurks shaimful. I didn't obsarve the outrajus transacshuns ontil the next evening when the peple begun fur to kongregate. Suddinly thay kommensed fur to larf and holler in a boysterious stile. Sez I good peple what's up? Sez thay them's grate wax wurks, isn't they, old man. I immejitly looked up ter whare the wax wurks was and my blud biles as I think of the site which then met my Gase. I hope two be dodrabbertid if them afoursed raskals hadent gone and put a old kaved in hat onter George Washington's hed and shuved a short black klay pipe inter his mouth. His noze thay had painted red and his trowsis legs thay had shuved inside his butes. My wax figger of Napoleon Boneypart was likewise mawltreatid.

His sword wus danglin tween his legs, his cockd hat was drawn klean down over his ize, and he was plased in a stoopin posishun looking zactly as tho he was as drunk as a biled owl. Ginral Tayler was a standin

on his hed, and Wingfield Skott's koat tales ware pind over his hed and his trowsis ware kompleetly torn orf frum hisself. My wax wurks representin the Lord's Last Supper was likewise aboozed. Three of the Postles ware under the table and two of um had on old tarpawlin hats and raggid pee jackits and ware smokin pipes. Judus Iskarriot had on a cocked hat and was appeerently drinkin, as a Bottle of whisky sot befour him. This ere specktercal was too much fur me. I klosed the show and then drowndid my sorrers in the flowin Bole.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N. B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injuns is Pizin, whar ever found.), which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarve.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormims but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull amung the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed:

"Do you bleeve in Solomom, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church, and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a married man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertinly am married."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big, & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimmin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intenshuns, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho

ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in various parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as menny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperret-ooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thar is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of em git into a row he has em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares menny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks, and sich. Occashunly thay git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got enny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me,"

sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormins, which thay surroundid me & statid that thay were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Morminesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my Show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowd & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the United States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed sevral femails, puttin thare arms rownd me in luvin stile. "Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whoose hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N. B. Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girded up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in enny spot on the Globe.

THE CENSUS

THE Senses taker in our town bein taken sick he deppertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to giv me informashun how to perceed, I was consekently compelled to go it blind. Sittin down by the road side I drawd up the follerin list of questions which I proposed to ax the peple I visited:

Wat's your age?

Whar was you born?

Air you marrid, and if so how do you like it?

How many children hav you?

Did you ever hav the measels, and if so how many?

Hav you a twin brother several years older than yourself?

How many parents hav you?

Do you read Watt's Hims regler?

Do you use boughten tobacker?

Wat's your wate?

Air you trubled with biles?

State whether you air blind, deaf, idiotic, or got the heaves?

What's the average of virtoo on the Ery Canawl?

Is Beans a regler article of diet in your family?

How many chickins hav you, on foot and in the shell?

Air you aware that Injianny whisky is used in New York shootin galrys instid of pistils, and that it shoots furthest?

Was you ever at Niagry Falls?

Was you ever in the Penitentiary?

State how much pork, impendin crysis, Dutch cheeze, popler suvrinty, standard poetry, slave code, catnip, red flannel, ancient histry, pickled tomaters, old junk, perfoomery, coal ile, liberty, hoop skirt, &c., you hav on hand?

But it didn't wurk. I got into a row at the fust house I stopt to, with some old maids. Disbelieven the ansers they giv in regard to their ages I endevered to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with hosses, but they floo into a vilent rage and tackled me with brooms and sich. Takin the senses requires experiunse, like enny other bizniss.

THE PRESS

I WANT the editers to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. Thare is times when Patience seizes to be virtoous. I hev in my mind's eye sum editers in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who air Both sneakin and ornery. They cum in krowds to my Show and then axt me ten sents a lines for Puffs. I objectid to payin, but they sed ef I didn't down with the dust they'd wipe my Show from the face of the earth! I put up to their extorshuns until thay'd bled me so I was a meer shadder, and left in disgust.

It was in a sertin town in Virginny, the Muther of Presidents & things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editer in human form. He set my Show up steep & kalled me the urbane & gentlemunly manajer, but when I, fur the purpuss of showin fair play all around, went to anuther offiss to git my hanbills printed, what duz this pussillanermus editer do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He sed my wax wurks was a humbug & called me a horey-heded itinerent vagabone. I thort at fust I'd pollish him orf, but on reflectin that he cood pollish me much wuss in his paper, I giv it

up. & I wood here take occashun to advise peple when thay run agin, as thay sumtimes will, these miserable papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv all, don't assault a editer of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you no more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud puddle. Editers are ginrally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.

EDWIN FORREST AS OTHELLO

DURIN a recent visit to New York the undersined went to see Edwin Forrest. Ed has bin actin out on the stage for many years. There is varis 'pinions about his actin, but on one pint all agree, & that is that Ed draws like a six ox team. Ed was actin at Niblo's Garding, which looks considerable more like a parster than a garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commensed peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Sevral opery glasses was leveld at me by Gothum's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mebby I did take out my sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has our weaknesses & if a man has gewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig," the young man continnered, "but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

o," sez he.

'Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon & the *korps shoold be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth." He didn't try enny more of his capers on me. But another pussillanermus individooul, in a red vest & patent lether boots, told me his name was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him 50 cents till early in the mornin. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtoous couch, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The Orchestry was now fiddling with all their might, & as the peple didn't understan anything about it thay applauded versifrussly. Presently, Old Ed cum out. The play was Otheller or More of Veniss. Otheller was writ by Wm. Shakspeer. The scene is laid in Veniss. Otheller was a likely man & was ginral in the Veniss army. He eloped with Desdemony, a darter of the Hon. Mister Brabantio, who represented one of the back districks in the Veneshun legislater. Old Brabantio was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin Otheller, howsever, that Desdemony had come it over her Par, & that he had better look out or she'd come it over him likewise. Mr. & Mrs. Otheller git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and luvin—a nice, sensible female, never goin in for he-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers, and pickled beats. Otheller is a good provider and thinks all the world of his

wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired girl doin all the cookin and washin. Desdemony, in fact, don't hav to git the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named Iago, who I bleeve wants to git Otheller out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the Otheller family in the most outrajus stile. Iago falls in with a braneless youth named Roderigo & wins all his money at poker. (Iago allers played foul.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. Mike Cassio, a Irish man, is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was a clever feller & orficer in Otheller's army. He liked his tods too well, howsever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin young men. Iago injuces Mike to drink with him, Iago slyly throwin his whisky over his shoulder. Mike gits as drunk as a biled owl & allows that he can lick a yard full of the Veneshun fancy before breakfast without sweatin a hair. He meets Roderigo & proceeds for to smash him. A feller named Montano undertakes to slap Cassio, when that infatooated person runs his sword into him. That miserable man, Iago, pretents to be very sorry to see Mike conduck hisself in this way & undertakes to smooth the thing over to Otheller, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's up. Iago cunninly tells his story, & Otheller tells Mike that he thinks a good deal of him but he can't train no more in his regiment. Desdemony sympathises with poor Mike & interceeds for him

with Otheller. Iago makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of Mike than she does of hisself. Otheller swallers Iago's lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor Desdemony terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs. Iago cums in just as Otheller has finished the fowl deed & givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserble cuss of a husband. Iago cums in, & his wife commences rakin him down also, when he stabs her. Otheller jaws him a spell & then cuts a small hole in his stummick with his sword. Iago pints to Desdemony's deth bed & goes orf with a sardonic smile onto his countenance. Otheller tells the peple that he has dun the state sum service & they know it; axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a breef skedule of the synopsis of the play.

Edwin Forrest is a grate acter. I thot I saw Otheller before me all the time he was actin, & when the curtin fell, I found my spectacles was still mistened with salt water, which had run from my eyes while poor Desdemony was dyin. Betsy Jane—Betsy Jane! let us pray that our domestic bliss may never be busted up by a Iago!

Edwin Forrest makes money actin out on the stage. He gits five hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!

THE SHOW BUSINESS AND POPULAR LECTURES

I FEEL that the Show bizniss, which I've stroven to ornyment, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as thay air kalled, tho in my 'pinion thay air poplar humbugs. Individooals, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin bizniss. Thay cram theirselves with hi soundin frazis, frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of black close, & cum out to lectur at 50

dollers a pop. Thay ain't over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensooin sixteen ginerashuns. Peple flock to heer um in krowds. The men go becawz its poplar & the wimmin folks go to see what other wimmin folks have on. When it's over the lecturer goze & regales hisself with oysters and sich, while the peple say "What a charmin lectur that air was," etsettery, etsettery, when 9 out of 19 of um don't have no moore idee of what the lecturer sed than my kangeroo has of the sevunth speer of hevun. Thare's moore infurmashun to be gut out of a well conductid noospaper—price 3 sents—than thare is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollers a pop, as the kase may be. These same peple, bare in mind, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers & sagashus beests. Thay say these things is low. Gents, it greeves my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Sheer & yeller leef" (to cote frum my Irish frend Mister McBeth) to see that the Show bizniss is pritty much plade out, howsomever I shall chance it agane in the Spring.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

I PITCHT my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin & Wimmin's Rites Associashun, and thay axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactky," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimmin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air, Sur?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air femails."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Sosiety whitch bleeves wimmin has rites —whitch bleeves in razin her to her proper speer—whitch bleeves she is indowed with as much intelleck as man is—whitch bleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—& who will resist hense4th & forever the incroachments of prowd & domineering men."

"Marm," sez I, "I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the femaile, "& she's a slave! Doth

she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyrrinny & thinkin & votin for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"O whot—whot!" screamed the femaile, swingin her umbreller in the air. O, what is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price to my show is 15 cents pur individooal."

"& can't our Sosiety go in free?" axed the femaile.

"Not ef I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried, & bust into teers.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimmin, taken me afeckshunitely by the hand. "O, please let my darter in—shee's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush!" Whereupon thay all sprung back with the simultanious observashun that I was a Beest.

"My femaile friends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The femaile woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of whitch this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without her. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, "you air a angle when you behave yourself; but

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimmin

when you take off your proper appairel & (mettyforically speaken) get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimmin's rites noshuns, go round like roarin lyons, seeking whom you may devour—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

LITTLE PATTI

THE moosic which I'm most use to is the inspirin stranes of the hand orgin. I hire a artistic Italyun to grind fur me, payin him his vittles & close, & I spose it was them stranes which fust put a moosical taste into me. Like all furriners he had seen better dase, havin formerly been a Kount. But he ain't of much akount now, except to turn the orgin and

drink Beer, of which bevrige he can hold a churnful, *easy*.

Miss Patty is small for her size, but she is well bilt & her complexshun is what might be called a Broonetty. Her ize is a dark bay, the lashes bein long & silky. When she smiles the aujince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continner doin it 2 a indefnit extent. Her waste is one of the most bootiful wastisis ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal was a cumin out to read her fust composishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich a effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty that I wanted to swaller her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blowd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or ruther in a furrin tung. I don't know what the sentimunts was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild Beests of Pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

Go it, little 1, sez I to myself, in a hily exsited frame of mind, & ef that kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these dase don't do the fair thing by ye, yu kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injianny. When she sung Cumin threw the Rye, & spoke of that Swayne she deerly luved herself individooally,

I didn't wish I was that air Swayne. No I gess not. Oh certainly not. [This is Ironical. I don't meen this. It's a way I hav of goakin.]

But Miss Patty orter sing in the Inglish tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun why under the Son don't she do it? What cents is thare in singin wurds nobody don't understan when wurds we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will versifferusly applawd furrin langwidge is a mistery. It reminds me of a man I onct knew. He sed he knockt the bottum out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine dident moove a inch. It stade in the Barril. He sed this was a Mistery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing I'm speekin of.

As fur Brignoly, Ferri, and Junky, thay air dowtless grate, but I think sich able boddied men wood look better tillin the sile than dressin theirselves up in black close & white kid gluvs & shoutin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble lookin old man & orter lead armies on to Battel instid of shoutin in a furrin tung.

Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receivin kumpany at his pallis on the Bullyvards, "I saloot yu."

MOSES, THE SASSY; OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE

I

ELIZY

My story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parler of a bloated aristocratic manshun on Bacon Street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is cuverd ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She has just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The son is settin in its horizon, and its gorjus light pores in a golden meller flud through the winders, and makes the young lady twict as bootiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage basque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals, and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contains 16 flounders, and her shoes is red morocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort and, pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims, "Methinks I see a voice!"

A noble youth of 27 Summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air

turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmiest days, near projuced a more hefty cavileer. Gazin upon him admirinly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organized herself into a tabloo, and stated as follers:

"Ha! do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dreams? No, I reckon not! That frame! them store close! those nose! Yes, it is me own, me only Moses!"

He (Moses) folded her to his hart, with the remark that he was "a hunkey boy."

II

WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH?

Moses was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40. 40's fellers had just bin havin an annual reunion with 50's fellers, on the day I introjuce Moses to my readers. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, she said: "How hast the battle gonest? Tell me!"

"We chawed 'em up—that's what we did!" said the bold Moses.

"I thank the gods!" sed the fair Elizy. "Thou didst excellent well. And, Moses," she continnered, layin her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth?"

"No!" said he, wildly ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say so!"

He folded her to his hart

"Indeed do I! Your dead grandfather's sperret comest to me the tother night."

"Oh no, I guess it's a mistake," sed Moses.

"I'll bet two dollers and a quarter he did!" replied Elizy. "He said, 'Moses is a Disguised Juke!'"

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B! Whitch? Sow, sow! But enuff. O life! life!—*you're too many for me!*" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stampt on the floor sevril times, and was gone.

III

THE PIRUT FOILED

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the *Sary Jane* is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot purscot of the *Sary*. The pirut capting isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the *Sary* and confiscate the wallerbles. The capting of the *S. J.* is on the pint of givin in, when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffalo overcoat rushes forored and obsarves:

"Old man, go down stairs! Retire to the starbud bulk-hed! I'll take charge of this Bote!'

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the capting, "away with thee or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Skurcely," obsarved the stranger, and he drew

a diamond-hilted fish-knife and cut orf the capting's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "We are governed too much."

"Peple!" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d'Moses!"

"Old hoss!" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin!" whareupon the Juke cut orf his hed also.

"Oh that I should live to see myself a ded body!" screamed the unfortnit man. "But don't print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ye!"

"Peple!" sed the Juke, "I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut! Ho! a peck of oats!" The oats was brought, and the Juke, boldly mountin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly approached, chucklin with fiendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the *Sary Jane*, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

"Onct agin do I escape deth!" sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

IV

THE WANDERER'S RETURN

The Juke was Moses the Sasy! Yes, it was!
He had bin to France, and now he was home agin

in Bostin. He had some trouble in gittin hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernenst him, but he finally conkered. Elizy knowd him right off, as one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposishun firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountain squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein perfeck, but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyyus as a flower garding, my objeck will have bin accomplished, and more too.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

To my frends of the Editorial Corpse:

I RITE these lines on British sile. I've bin follerin Mrs. Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I hain't made much in a pecoonery pint of vew, I've lernt sumthin new, over hear on British sile, whare they bleeve in Saint Gorge and the Dragoon. Previs to cumin over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittanny and other airs which is poplar on British sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmun Hed, the Govner Ginral. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showd it as Wm. Penn, Napoleon Bonypart, Juke of Wellington, Mrs. Cunningham, & varis other notid persons, & also for a sertin pirut named Hix. I've bin so long amung wax statoots that I can fix 'em up to soot the tastes of folks, & with sum paints I hav I kin giv their facis a beneverlent or fiendish look as the kase requires. I giv Sir Edmun Hed a beneverlent look, & when sum folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmun Hed any more than it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the statoot. It looks like Sir Edmun Hed

or any other man. You may kall it what you pleese. Ef it don't look like anybody that ever lived, then it's sertinly a remarkable statoot & well worth seein. *I* kall it Sir Edmun Hed. *You* may kall it what you darn pleese!" [I had 'em thare.]

At larst I've had a interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerable life. I cawt a glimpse of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowed myself threw a crowd of wimmin, children, sojers, & Injins that was hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near to the Prince when a

red faced man in Millingtery close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold?

"To see Albert Edard, the Prince of Wales," sez I; "who are you?"

He sed he was Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, her Magisty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passin by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

"What? Impossible! It kannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understan you to say that you was actooally goin into the presents of his Royal Iniss?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I replied.

"But blarst my hize, sir, it's onprecedented. It's orful, sir. Nothin' like it hain't happened sins the Gun Power Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air yu?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "I'm a Amerycan citterzen. My name is Ward. I'm a husband & the father of twins. By perfeshun I'm a exhibiter of wax wurks & sich."

"Good God!" yelled the Kurnal, "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty! The British Lyon may well roar with raje at the thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lyon, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargin with you fur that beest fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't meen nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but

you orter hev seen the Old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actooally fomed at the mowth.

"This can't be real, he showtid. "No, no. It's a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you hav no existents—yure a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a ruther oncomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay & becum a Marter to British Outraje, as sich a course mite git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my Show, but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters shood happen to insert a barronet into my stummick it mite be onplesunt, & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hisself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respecks to the futer King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is ruther smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard, "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like & larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onct. He handid me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful. "Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Magesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

"Duz the old man take his Lager beer reglar?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed & intermatid that the old man didn't let many kegs of that bevridge spile in the sellar in the coarse of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur as he 'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go threw the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be garped at by everybody. When the peple cheer me I feel pleesed, fur I know they meen it, but if these one-horse offishuls cood know how I see threw all their moves & understan exackly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at 'em in private, thay'd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as thay now do. But you know, Mr. Ward, I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sum time ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I; "sickness and the docters will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hevin arove fur me to take my departer, I rose up & sed: "Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so I will obsarve that you soot me. Yu're a good feller, Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin

Princes as a ginral thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who hav allers bin aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be bleeved Noah's collecksshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowt ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuk his hand, whitch he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen & Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt away.

"Mrs. Ward," I solilerquized, as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, ef you could see your husband now, just as he prowdly emerjis from the presents of the futur King of Ingland, you'd be sorry you called him a Beest jest becaws he cum home tired 1 nite and wantid to go to bed without takin orf his boots. You'd be sorry for tryin to deprive yure husband of the priceliss Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

Jest then I met a long perseshun of men with gownds onto em. The leader was on horseback, & ridin up to me he sed, "Air you Orange?"

Sez I, "Whitch?"

"Air you a Orangeman?" he repeated, sternly.

"I used to peddle lemins," sed I, "but I never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on yure hands. What particler Loonatic Asylum hev you & yure

frends escaped frum, ef I may be so bold?" Just then a suddent thawt struck me & I sed, "Oh yure the fellers who air worryin the Prince so & givin the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by yure infernal catawarlins, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin citterzen, take orf them gownds & don't try to get up a religious fite, whitch is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edard, who wants to receeve you all on a ekal footin, not keerin a tinker's cuss what meetin house you sleep in Sundays. Go home and mind yure bizness & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observashuns I left em.

I shall leeve British sile 4thwith.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN

I DON'T pertend to be a cricket, & consekently the reader will not regard this ere peace as a Cricketcism. I cimply desine givin the pints & Plot of a play I saw actid out at the theater tuther nite, called Ossywattermy Brown, or the Hero of Harper's Ferry. Ossywattermy had varis failins, one of whitch was a idee that he cood conker Virginny with a few duzzen loonatics which he had pickt up sumwhares, mercy only nose whare. He didn't cum it, as the sekel showed. This play was jerkt by a admirer of Old Ossywattermy.

First akt opens at North Elby, Old Brown's humsted. Thare's a weddin at the house. Amely, Old Brown's darter, marrys sumbody, and they all whirl in the Messy darnce. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 suns leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs. Ossywattermy tells em thay air goin on a long jurny & Blesses em to slow fiddlin. Thay go to Kansis. What upon arth thay go to Kansis fur when thay was so nice & comfortable down thare to North Elby is moren I know. The suns air next seen in Kansis at a tavern. Mister Blane, a sinister lookin man with his Belt full of knives & hoss pistils, axes one of the

Browns to take a drink. Brown refuzis, whitch is the fust instance on record whare a Brown deklined sich a invite. Mister Blane, who is a dark bearded feroshus lookin person, then axis him whether he's fur or fernenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, whareupon Mister Blane, who is the most sinisterest lookin man I ever saw, sez Har, har, har! (that bein his stile of larfin wildly), & ups & sticks a knife into yung Brown. Anuther Brown rushes up & sez, "You hav killed me Ber-ruther!" Moosic by the Band & Seen changes. The stuck yung Brown enters supported by his two brothers. Bimeby he falls down, sez he sees his Mother, & dies. Moosic by the Band. I lookt, but couldn't see any mother. Next Seen reveels Old Brown's cabin. He's readin a book. He sez freedum must extend its Area & rubs his hands like he was pleesed abowt it. His suns cum in. One of em goes out & cums in ded, havin bin shot while out by a Border Ruffin. The ded yung Brown sez he sees his mother and tumbles down. The

Border Ruffins then surround the cabin & set it afire. The Browns giv theirselves up for gone coons, when the hired gal diskivers a trap door to the cabin & thay go down threw it & cum up threw the bulkhed. Their merraklis scape reminds me of the scape of De Jones the Coarsehair of the Gulf—a tail with a yaller kiver, that I onct red. For sixteen year he was confined in a loathsum dunjin not tastin of food durin all that time. Then a lucky thawt struck him! He opened the winder and got out. To resoom—Old Brown rushes down to the foot lites, gits down on his nees, & swares he'll hav revenge. The battle of Ossywattermy takes place. Old Brown kills Mister Blane, the sinister individooal aforesed. Mister Blane makes a able & elerquent speech, and dies like a son of a gentleman, rapt up in the Star Spangled Banner. Moosic by the Band. From Kansis to Harper's Ferry. Picter of a Arsenal is represented. Sojers cum & fire at it. Old Brown cums out & permits hisself to be shot. He is tride and sentenced to be hung on the gallus. Tabloo—Old Brown on a platform, pintin upards, the staige lited up with red fire. Goddiss of Liberty also on platform, pintin upards. A dutchman in the orkestry warbles on a base drum. Curtin falls. Moosic by the Band.

CRUISE OF THE "POLLY ANN"

In overhaulin one of my old trunks tuther day, I found the follerin' jernal of a vyge on the starnch canawl bote *Polly Ann*, whitch happened to the subscriber when I was a young man on the Wabash Canawl:

(Monday 2 P. M.) Got under wa. Hosses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under em before they'd start. Started at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.) Sevral passenjers on bored. Parst threw deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, & other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy—Riz at 5 and went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of licker with a member of the Injianny legislater, whitch he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threw the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid:

"Sale hoe!"

"Whare away?" hollered the capting, clearin his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knockt out) and bringing it to his Eagle eye.

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the capting. "What wessel's that air?"

"*Kickin Marier* of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!"

"I, I Sir!" hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib boom, and hail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the *Marier*.

"Wall, I reckin. He kan eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continnered the capting of the *Kickin Marier*. "Wilyim got a little owly tuther day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of his'n, and, bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court house whare old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?" axed the capting of the *Marier*, as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger!" sed our capting, raisin the bottle to his lips. The wessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minits parst 10.

(Wensdy.) Riz arly. Wind blowin N. W. E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin wildly in consekents of pepper-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hoss's tale. "Heave two!" roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the *Polly* giv a friteful toss. I was sick, an sorry I'd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the capting. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearn him holler agin, and, stickin my hed out of the cabin winder, *I hev.*

The hosses became dosile eventooally, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splender, disregardless of expense, and lovely Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin and other evijences of civillizashun, incloodin a party of bald heded cullered men who was playing 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the Capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic!" I declined the seductive flooid.

(Thursdy.) Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopt the Bote to go ashore and smash in the winders of a grosery. He was brought back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misguided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beests of the field?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the capting, risin hisself

on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoodiced agin that grosery for some time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passengers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventooally we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when peple was intelligent & wax figgers & livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(Poeckry.) A. W.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I HAV no pollertics. Nary a one. I'm not in the bisniss. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm, and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bisniss. I'm in a far more respectful bisniss nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wuss insult I ever received was when sertin sitterzens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no pollertics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been capting of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippy I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer mainsuls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jib-poop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N. B. This is ginuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orfice seeker, to be sure?" sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sed one of the orfice seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expense.

Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler.

Sum wanted post orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfeckly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and addrest me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I *you* want a orfiss putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundliss West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post offis if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "a patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Square?" sez I, when *another* crowd of offiss seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn, & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room, as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old Abe was endeverin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fireplace he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes,

and yelled: "Don't make enny pintment at the Spunkville post offiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cride Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss seekers from Wisconsin, in endeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President eleck & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fireplace if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptoous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shouted the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "you egrejis ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look

at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fack is," I continnered, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carried round durin' this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage

incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death! Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware —go to choppin wood—go to bilin sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals

to a charitable public, printed on your hanbills—anything for a honest living, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin', but go to onct! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper. They run orf as tho Satun hisself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By porein' ile upon the troubled waturs, North and South. By pursooin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of pollertics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability,

look at their posters. Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scacely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED

You hav perhaps wondered wharbouts I was for these many dase gone and past.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitimit perfeshun.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hosspitality," bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went amung the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum, viz:—to giv the peeple their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a lier and a hoss thief, but bring him be4 me and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proseed with my tail. In my travels threw the Sonny South I heard a heap of talk about Se-

ceshon and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe should'nt never be noggerated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continnered for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would secoor me the infloonz and pertecshun of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a millingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threwout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him," sez I, "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him *scream*. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The men anoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty—"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum—"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag?"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax wurks and beests is then confisticated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whisky in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flooid can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was ginrally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomry in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amoosment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty

faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottle at my massive brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshers confisticated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confisticated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animils loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his ginral conduck that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the peple. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed, "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart!"

I can't say for sertin that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rather guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confisticate him much.

I was carried to Montgomry in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery edifiss, but the table was librally surplied with Bakin an Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbidge.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and said his gallunt men had been a little 2 enthoosiastic in confisticatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confisticated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confisticated in the same way onct, but the confisticaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus."

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air frendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many frends in the North, who sympathise with us, and wont mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought sertin parties amung us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of drygoods called the Star-spangled Banner, the North

I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the peple

gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals,—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorus Govyment smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-harted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egrejus mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsville Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Capting of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell, my gay Saler Boy! Good-by, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yeller covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well.

Yours respectively,

A. WARD.

THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE

I HAD a narrer scape from the Sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warnt nothin in comparison to my trubles. I come pesky near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confisticated agin I'm fraid I shall continner on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicyusly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, coting from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest, rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Secesh!" I ansered. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobeard, the devil, and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"War to the knive!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't origgernal with me. Them words was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded.

We got under way at larst, an proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back side of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pind onto her hat, and she was a goin for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

"Father livin?" I axed.

"Yes sir."

"Got any Uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho."

"Peace to Uncle Thomas's ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!" She slept as secoorly as in her own housen, and

didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with ary snore!

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double-brested lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a gittin up and takin orf my Shappo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sled-stake, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His larst words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Senater Benjamin's law offiss. I'm going up North to steal some spoons and things for the Southern Army."

This was satisfactory and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbred!" I sed. She thankt me muchly and tript galy away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm fraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

At the next station I didn't git orf so easy. I was

dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpuss of "takin the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and, to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placin my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actooated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had bin vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin & by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhaustid and didn't care about gettin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up and sed he felt as though a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, and axed him if his wife and little ones was so as to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a

fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventers of a startlin kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason & Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist

for life failed to recognize, in the emashiated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me to onct. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

No more to-day from yours for the Pepetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE

As soon as I'd recooperated my physikil system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The skoolmaster sed it was cheerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm off on a travelin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimicratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet $5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand-up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The skoolmaster, however, sed the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flowed by, or pass over his ded corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added! "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing to make a impression

onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" sed the schoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo!" I anserd, "it's a scanderlus fack!"

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit, that it was all a Whig lie got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties. But the old Squire got putty riley when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square fitin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket *he'd* voted and he was too old to Bolt now. The Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previsly informed you, I am Captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradooally but majesticly from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recroot. Havin notist a ginral desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear eppylits, I detarmined to have my company composed excloosively of offissers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer-Ginral. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots:

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a eppylit from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the war?

Hav you ever heard of Ginral Price of Missouri, and can you avoid simler accidents in case of a battle?

Hav you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcusstical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I had a seris time gittin into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchin.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw to onct she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies, who was standin near the church door a-seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and sumhow my coat tales got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchers to their mouths and

remarked: "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peasley," sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum. It was a onfortnit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled

surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurd to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next mornin I 'rose with the lark (N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho. A goak.)

My little dawter was execootin ballids, accompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing: "Hark, I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a-bucklin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelusy; and as we air all exceedin smart, it tain't worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed excloosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orriggernated, I spose I skurcely need say, in these Brane. Considered *as* a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticks at our tongs' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our coat tales to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle!

"Ever of thee,"

A Ward

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION

DELIVERED JULY 4TH, AT WEATHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT, 1859

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjince. I was 96 minits passin a given pint. I have revised the orashun, and added sum things which make it approposser to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammers and punktooated it.]

FELLER SITTERZENS: I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me.

Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patritism the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you on this, my fust perfeshernal tower threw New Englan, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to *feel*. [Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fack is I was stuck. This between you and I.]

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages and am a little shaky on livin ones. There4, except no flowery talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a pollertician, and my other habits air good.

Mr. Ward delivers a Fourth of July Oration

I've no enemys to reward, nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union—it is a Big thing—and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery peple a-movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth, to bust it up. Too much good blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unhitchin marrid peple with neatness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters don't give her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars upon her hed must continner to shine undimd forever. Ime for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I hav sed! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more fraid of a DAWTER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Sitterzens—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with them, but every skoolboy nose our kareer has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in

Quakers' tongues, and consined their feller critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." Thare was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled, and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of settin 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washinton was abowt the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-heded, warm-harted, and stiddy-goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git on to the fust poplar hobby-hoss whitch trots along, not carin a sent whether the beest is even goin, clear sited, and sound, or spavined, blind, and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventooally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfuntly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun, without the slitest hesitashun. Washinton never slopt over. That wasn't George's stile. He luved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3

kornerd hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be Washintons, but we kin all be patrits & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat tails and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. Washinton and P. Henry in the character of seseshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-hoss circus!

I tell you, feller sitterzens, it would have bin ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he'd never bin born!

* * * * * * *

Be shure and vote at leest once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the kripples air provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamous lise whitch the Opposishun will be sartin to git up fur perlitercal effek on the eve of eleckshun. To the poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persess, and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see mutch to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar air abowt as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest

kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still,
& you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, &c., but your favorit Beveridge I disgust. I allude to New Englan Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stone jugs & will turn the stummuck of the most shiftliss Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down some of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to sware like a infooriated trooper. On takin the secund glass I was seezed with a desire to break winders, & arter imbibin the third glass I knocht a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York *Ledger*, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. Its drefful stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin, gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossum as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you air abowt it you will do a furst rate thing for yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevrige.

My frends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from

you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant oder of Onyins abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterline to the Rummuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtoous & you'll be happy!

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON

NOTWITHSTANDIN I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded. On the contry, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit *that*. Webster is ded now, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any perticler extent, now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnel finerly concluded they was better adapted as Home Gards, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American sitterzen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washinton from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It havin there4 bin detarmined to pertect Baldinsville at all hazzuds, and as there was no apprehensions of any immejit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordinly I put on

a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washinton. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occashun to obsarve is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's future home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enough to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becawz he can't help it. But why he should woluntarily go and live in Washinton is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Square?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *lookin* at the landlord and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washinton hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [N. B.—This is Sarkassum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immejitly ushered before him. He received me kindly, and axed me to sit down.

"I hav cum to pay my respecks to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and harty."

"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well, sir?"

"Sound as a cuss!" I answerd.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct.

"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good pervider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perfoom her bedroom at a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzy? Did he go to "the Lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? did he often hav to go down town to meet a frend? did he hav a extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Californy? to all of which questions the Prints perlitely replide, givin me to understan that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble highness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunnin, he is long-heded, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he is *good* he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slitely sarkasticul.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses and where preachers

is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the wimin are slipshod, and where maps of the devil's "wild land" air painted upon men's shirt-bosums with tobacco-jooce! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em."

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsekently died at St. Heleny! There's where the gratest milingtery man this world ever projuced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in ketchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a milingtery cloak drawn titely round him, (see picter-books), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

This pleased Jerome, and he took me warmly by the hand.

"Alexander the Grate was punkins," I contin-

nered, "but Napoleon was punkinser! Alic. wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowndid his sorrers in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It ginrally is. He undertook to give a snaik exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke on Alic!"

"Since you air so solicitous about France and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he diskivered this magnificent continent, could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assoom," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't hav seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid to home. Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Also to the gor-

She turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptooious manner, walked away from me very rapid

geous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gits older, and would like to imbark in the show bizniss, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before obsarved, but come again next year and you'll find us clearer nor ever. The American Eagle has lived too sumptuously of late—his stummic becum foul, and he's takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner lots in the West, I bid him farewell and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father use to keep a little grosery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptooious manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of

them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we should, and we Glode.

I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may have accidentally crept in.

Yours Muchly,
WARD, (ARTEMUS.)

MARION

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL

I

—, Friday, ——, 1860.

On the sad sea shore! Always to hear the moaning of these dismal waves!

Listen. I will tell you my story—my story of love, of misery, of black despair.

I am a moral Frenchman.

She whom I adored, whom I adore still, is the wife of a fat Marquis—a lop-eared, blear-eyed, greasy Marquis. A man without soul. A man without sentiment, who cares naught for moonlight and music. A low, practical man, who pays his debts. I hate him.

II

She, my soul's delight, my empress, my angel, is superbly beautiful.

I loved her at first sight—devotedly, madly.

She dashed past me in her coupé. I saw her but a moment—perhaps only an instant—but she took me captive then and there, forevermore.

Forevermore!

I followed her, after that, wherever she went. At length she came to notice, to smile upon me. My motto was *en avant!* That is a French word. I got it out of the back part of Worcester's Dictionary.

III

She wrote me that I might come and see her at her own house. Oh, joy, joy unutterable, to see her at her own house!

I went to see her after nightfall, in the soft moonlight.

She came down the graveled walk to meet me, on this beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances.

The Marquis, always a despot, had latterly misused her most vilely.

That very morning, at breakfast, he had cursed the fishballs and sneered at the pickled onions.

She is a good cook. The neighbors will tell you so. And to be told by the base Marquis—a man who, previous to his marriage, had lived at the cheap eating-houses—to be told by him that her manner of frying fishballs was a failure—it was too much.

Her tears fell fast. I too wept. I mixed my sobs with her'n. "Fly with me!" I cried.

Her lips met mine. I held her in my arms. I felt her breath upon my cheek! It was Hunkey.

"Fly with me. To New York! I will write romances for the Sunday papers—real French romances with morals to them. My style will be appreciated. Shop girls and young mercantile persons will adore it, and I will amass wealth with my ready pen."

Ere she could reply—ere she could articulate her ecstacy, her husband, the Marquis, crept snake-like upon me.

Shall I write it? He kicked me out of the garden—he kicked me into the street.

I did not return. How could I? I, so ethereal, so full of soul, of sentiment, of sparkling originality! He, so gross, so practical, so lop-eared!

Had I returned, the creature would have kicked me again.

So I left Paris for this place—this place, so lonely, so dismal.

Ah me!

Oh dear!

A WAR MEETING

Our complaint just now is war meetin's. They've bin havin' 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic, and natrally we caught em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us. They're better attended than the Eclipse was.

I remembered how people poured into our town last Spring to see the Eclipse. They labored into a impression that they couldn't see it to home, and so they came up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin' the Eclipse to em in an open-top tent. But the crowds is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

Our big meetin' came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institooshuns. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editer, Mr. Slinkers, is a polishd, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a

plank road. "The road may be, as our cotemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-heded, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Editer of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it." This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinnd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust, Mr. Slinkers has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I blieve, upon my soul, that if it wasn't absoolootly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that "our Govment is about to take vigrous measures to put down the rebellion"—I blieve, upon my soul, this illustris man would enlist as a Brigadier Ginral, and git his Bounty.

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin' when my dawter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My dawter introduced him as Mr. Skimmerhorn, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young mother gazin admirinly upon her first-born," and my dawter showed me a really pretty picter done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I—"well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continnered, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My dawter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slamd, I concluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vilently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry offisser's sword and things, which it aroused my Betsy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my barefooted hed, and dragged me out of the closet, inci-

dently obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooperanooated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editer of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fack could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editer, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and despatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the Editer introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of College in a naberin place. Mr. Hinkins said Washinton was not safe. Who can save our national capeetle?

"Dan Setchell," I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin foe, and they'll skedaddle! Old Setch can do it."

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the Editer of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark, in this connection, that the Editer of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust that the gent'l'man will not fail to say suthin about the busy haunts of men before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."

"You couldn't be *more soft*, my young frend," I obsarved, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might inlist as a liberty-pole," said I.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin' and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but

whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin to inlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' performed! Think how much you'd save the Govment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editer of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, commencin' as follers:

"*Resolved*, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on, and

"*Resolved*, That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months men—"

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin guns and led by Betsy Jane, who brandishd a loud and rattlin umbreller, bust into the room.

"Mrs. Ward," said the editer of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. Ward, and ladies, what means this extrord-'n'ry demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin' fools of yourselves. You air willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetin's

is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall Jackson from comin over to Maryland and helpin himself to the fattest beef critters. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifying, which don't mount to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, and go to fitin; otherwise you can stay to home and take keer of the children, while we wimin will go to the wars!"

"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old gal!" and I throwd up my ancient white hat in perfeck rapters.

"Is this roll-book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin?" she cried.

"With men—with men!" and our quoty was made up that very night.

There is a great deal of gas about these war meetins. A war meetin, in fact, without gas, would be suthin like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Othello omitted.

Still believin that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up with as any young lady in distress could expect to be, I am

Yours more'n anybody else's,

A. WARD.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE

If I'm drafted I shall *resign.*

Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus confered upon me, I shall feel compeld to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meanter-say, I shall hav to resign if I'm drafted everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin I should hav eventooaly becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin and elected myself Brigadeer-ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idee there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin, and made tracks for Baldinsville.

My only dawter threw herself onto my boosum and said, "It is me, faythe r! I thank the gods!"

She reads the *Ledger.*

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said Artemus, Jr. He reads the *Clipper.*

My wife was to the sowin circle. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin a pleasant time slanderin the females of the *other* sowin circle (which

likewise met that arternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin theirselves ekally well in slanderin the fust-named circle), and I didn't send for her. I allus like to see peple enjoy theirselves.

My son Orgustus was playin onto a floot.

Orgustus is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin cob-houses in a corner of the kitchin.

It'll cost some postage stamps to raise this famly, and yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Carlotty Patti sing; he may have hearn Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths toot, an yet he don't know nothin about music—the real, ginuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin werry sure there'll be no spoons missin when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean, I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; only stays. He ought to pologize, on behalf of his parients, for bein here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children.

The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

My townsmen were sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorrer, and patritism was below Par—and *Mar*, too. I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tarvun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin four abreast, wendin their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it calvary?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied sitterzens has lately bot the stage line tween here and Scotsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is hevy, to-day," said the landlord. "Ginrally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters tween em. To-day they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacely, nowdays," said the landlord, "and what few there is, very much prefier to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how ist with you?" I inquired of the editer of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, who sot near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin his head in a wise way. "Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore,

but my bleedin country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcin, from week to week, that *our Govment is about to take vigrous measures to put down the rebellion!*"

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. Schwazey, a leadin sitterzen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered. "How's yer grandmams? When you goin to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said; "this is what's the matter. I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Jes so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pinted to a plate before him. "Do you see em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*."

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend excloosively on licker for its sustainance."

"A blessin," he cried; "a blessin onto the hed of the man what inwented beans. A blessin onto his hed!"

"Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speciment of how things was goin in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The skoolmaster was among em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin, he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this skoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ordnary talents.

The skoolmaster proposed we should git up a

mass meetin. The meetin was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin bonfire.

The skoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein seldom marred by ingrammatticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will cum of this kind of doins? *Nihil fit*—"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Feller sitterzens, let's giv three chears for Nihil, the man who fit!"

The skoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated —"*Nihil fit.*"

"Exactly," I said. "Nihil *fit.* He wasn't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable frend," said the skoolmaster, smilin pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a ablebodied man he must stand his little draft."

The skoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin us a good long visit. It's goin to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin Washinton, and they seem to be advancin that way pretty

often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washinton will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble banner—*as it were*. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it.] Feller sitterzens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washinton is safe. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about *money*. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washinton who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money, too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we do want *men*, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin the Goddess of Liberty over the hed with slung-shots, and stabbin her with stolen knives! We must lick em quick. We must introduce a large number of first-class funerals among the peple of the South. Betsy says so too.

This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over

a peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too.

The meetin broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.

THINGS IN NEW YORK

The stoodent and connyseer must have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America, large yeller hanbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show, let me here obsarve, that contains many livin wild animils, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

Them hanbills is sculpt in New York.

& I annooly repair here to git some more on um;

&, bein here, I thot I'd isso a Address to the public on matters and things.

Since last I meyandered these streets, I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtoo unimpared, but I've got to git some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place, even durin my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contempulate. The house in Varick Street, where I used to Board, is bein torn down. That house, which was rendered memoriable by my livin into it, is "parsin away! parsin away!" But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my

admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin on continerly. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empires is totterin & Dysentaries is crumblin. These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane Street, sculps my hanbills, & he's a artist. He studied in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my hanbills as fast as they're sculpt. You have to watch these ere printers pretty close, for they're jest as apt to spel a wurd rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum, & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months, & what State do I find the country in? Why I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find sum things that is cheerin, particly the resolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountains, and bombazeen from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jumpt into fabrics of domestic manufactur.

But, says sum folks, if you stop importin things you stop the revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle

young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to smoke their livers as dry as a corncob with Cuby cigars because 4sooth if they don't, it will hurt the Revenoo! This talk bout the Revenoo is of the bosh, boshy. So I say great credit is doo the wimin for this patriotic move—and, to tell the trooth, the wimin ginrally know what they're bout. Of all the blessins they're the soothinst.

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a ginral and therrer curtailment of expenses all round. The fack is we air gettin terbly extravagant, & onless we paws in our mad career in less than two years the Goddess of Liberty will be seen dodgin into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her hed-band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly, like our forefathers, who knowd moren we do, if they warnt quite so honest! (Suttle goak.)

There air other cheerin signs. We don't, for instuns, lack great Ginrals, and we certinly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikriscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

Gentlemen of the Senit & of the House, you've

sot there and drawd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the poplar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency and cave in the Emergency's hed?

Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home!

At a special Congressional lection in my district the other day I delibritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is ded, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness should not delay about sendin the money right on for one.

And now, with a ginuine hurrar for the wimin who air goin to abandin furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family gossip.

My reported captur by the North American savijis of Utah led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthly things and was a angel playin on a golden harp. Hents my rival home was onexpected.

It was 11, P.M., when I reached my homestid and knockt a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrusted itself out of the front chamber winder. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) And a voice said:

"Who is it?"

"It is a Man!" I answered, in a gruff vois.

Then, resumin my natral voice, I said, "It is your own A. W., Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!"

The old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin I found that my family were entertainin a artist from Philadelphy, who was there paintin some startlin water-falls and mountins, and I moren suspected he had a hankerin for my dawter.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn, father," sed my dawter.

"Glad to see you, Sir!" I replied in a hospittle vois. "Glad to see you."

"He is an artist, father," sed my child.

"A whichist?"

"An artist. A painter."

"And glazier?" I askt. "Air you a painter and glazier, sir?"

My dawter and wife was mad, but I couldn't help it; I felt in a comikil mood.

"It is a wonder to me, Sir," said the artist, "considerin what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," said I to my wife, "that somebody don't secure him with a chain."

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old frends. The editer of the *Bugle* greeted me cordyully, and showed me the follerin article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell-hounds of *The Advertiser* say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the Editer, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cock-eye."

A few days after my return I was shown a young

man who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum objeck.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well, too, tho his prayer was ruther lengthy. The Editer of the *Bugle*, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares, solid nonpareil.

I don't think of nothin more to write about.

A. WARD.

THE SERENADE

THINGS in our town is workin. The canal boat *Lucy Ann* called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The *Lucy Ann* has adopted a new style of Binnakle light, in the shape of a red-headed gal who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the sitterzens of Philadelphy to believe it would be a good idee to have white winder-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he might make a fortin. "It's a novelty," I added, "and may startle em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt it."

As severil of our public men are constantly bein surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with a onexpected honor for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromtoo speech severil days beforehand, bein very careful to expunge all ingramatticisms and payin particler attention to the punktooation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a manly effort, but, alars! I never delivered it, as the sekil will show you. I paced up and down the kitchin speakin my piece over so as to be entirely perfeck. My bloomin young dawter Sarah Ann, bothered me summut by singin, "Why do summer roses fade?"

"Because," said I, arter hearin her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their biz! Let em fade."

"Betsy," said I, pausin in the middle of the room and lettin my eagle eye wander from the manuscrip; "Betsy, on the night of this here serenade, I desires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white hankercher. D'ye hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin hot water, and sumbody will be scalded. One bald-heded old fool will get *his* share."

She referd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin.

The expected night cum. At 9 o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "Ward! Ward!" I

stept out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evijently under the affluence of the intoxicatin bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holdin up a post, seemed to be particly drunk — so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced:

"Feller Sitterzens: For this onexpected honor—"

Leader of the Band.—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git through?

To this painful and disgustin interruption I paid no attention.

"—for this onexpected honor I thank you."

Leader of the Band.—But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons.

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows: "I say I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells—"

Dr. Schwazey.—So do I!

A voice.—We all do!

"—my heart swells—"

A voice.—Three cheers for the swells.

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious career!"

Dr. Schwazey.—I'm willin for one to go on in a glorious career. Will you join me, feller sitterzens,

in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career?

"Dr. Schwazey," said I, sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin the meetin."

Dr. S.—Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhynossuross on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.

At this pint the Band begun to make hidyous noises with their brass horns, and a exceedinly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin it, when a upper winder suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was brot to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint, and retired at onct.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.

IN CANADA

I'm at present existin under a monikal form of Govment. In other words I'm travelin among the crowned heds of Canady. They ain't pretty bad peple. On the contry, they air exceedin good peple.

Altho this is a monikal form of Govment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria, who is Queen of England, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do bout as she's mighter. She, however, ginrally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Govner Ginral. Sometimes the pollerticians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has pollerticians, and I expect they don't differ from our pollerticians, some of em bein gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Govner Ginral of Canady is Lord Monk. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and ginrals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on.

Monk has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho I don't know what a lord's wages is.

One of Lord Monk's dawters rode with him on the field. She had golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin, Miss Monk. Mrs. Ward will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intelleck, which can grasp great questions at onct. I am not a Washinton or a Old Abe. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as Henry Ward Beecher. Even the congregation of Plymmuth Meetin-House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slitest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, jentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irregler. The streets don't lead anywheres in particler, but everywheres in ginral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill bein a trifle wuss nor tother one. Quebeck is full of stone walls and arches and cittadels and things.

It is said no foe could ever git into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd *want* to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. Jim Wolfe commanded the latters, and Jo Montcalm the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But Wolfe was too many measles for Montcalm, and the French was slewd. Wolfe and Montcalm was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the genrous peple of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named George Dalhousie, to these noble fellers. That was well done.

Durin the Revolutionary War B. Arnold made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. Arnold's funeral had come off immejitly on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin, and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slewd on that there occashun. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin em to intelligent American towerists. Takin a perfessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorfty character.

It reminded me of a inspired feet of my own. I

used to exhibit a wax figger of Henry Wilkins, the Boy Murderer. Henry had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle Ephram and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this stattoo was lost somehow, and not sposin it would make any particler difference I substitooted the full-grown stattoo of one of my distinguished piruts for the Boy Murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pinting my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to

every troo American) to the stattoo, "this is a life-like wax figger of the notorious Henry Wilkins, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle Ephram in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin murderers for nephews. When a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song-book. A depraved proceedin."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you was here before your wax figger represented Henry Wilkins as a boy. Henry was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man! How's that?"

"The figger has growd, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag.

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin their heads as to how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good peple and lots of pretty gals. I wouldn't mind comin over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm comin home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't, *I'm in favor of the Union as it wasn't.* But the Union, anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, if you would be happy be virtoous! I, who am the emblem of virtoo, tell you so.

(Signed,) A. WARD.

THE NOBLE RED MAN

The red man of the forest was formly a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aboorygine warrants me in sayin that orrigernerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time Chris. arrove on these shores (I allood to Chris. Columbus) the savajis was virtoous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness ginrally. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consekently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-gals, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standin would take postage-stamps. You couldn't have bot a coon skin with a barrel of em. The female Aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whale-bone things; but in loose and flowin garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us when Chris. sot his foot onto these ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the injins

had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin billers. For the savages owned the country, and Columbus was a fillibuster. Cortez, Pizarro, and Walker were one-horse fillibusters—Columbus was a four-horse team fillibuster, and a large yaller dog under the waggin. I say, in view of the mess we are makin of things, it would have been better for us if Columbus had staid to home. It would have been better for the show bisniss.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin that the scalpin wretches who are in the injin bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, especially the Sioxes of Minnesoty, who desarve to be murdered in the first degree.

A ROMANCE—WILLIAM BARKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT

I

"No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! *you* here again?" angrily cried the old man.

"Ay, old man," proudly exclaimed William Barker. "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours!"

The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble center table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried—

"See! Look on this wealth. And I've tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army with beef—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"—and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find—"

"I see! I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make, too."

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so!"

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand!"

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried William Barker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am, I am!"

"Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! and whatever our lot in life may be, *let us all support the Government!*"

ON "FORTS"

Every man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and sum other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris shiftliss critters goin round loose whose fort is not to do nothin.

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washinton correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun.

That's so!

Old George Washinton's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whares else.

Old man Townsin's Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the world! anuther life saved!" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisemunt.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub-machine tellegraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun, and then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepared Gloo, which mends everything. Wonder ef it will mend a sinner's wickid waze. (Impromptoo goak.)

My Fort is the grate moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with *me*.

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefinit extent.

Twict I've endeverd to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw. Sez I, "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garmints I koncluded fitin wasn't my Fort. Ile now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: In a sertin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18— my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thowt I'd hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthinin. Konsequents was I histid in so much I dident zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the streets and spilt all my wax wurks. I then Bet I cood play hoss. So I hitched myself to a Kanawl bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on also, one behind and anuther ahead of me. The driver hollered for us to git up, and we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummuck & back, and presuntly I fownd myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses,

I was rescood

kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cusscaroorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tarvern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble vois, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

Morul—Never don't do nothin which isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin round in the Kanawl, figgeratively speakin.

A ROMANCE—ONLY A MECHANIC

In a sumptuously furnished parlor in Fifth Avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, plowed many a sea.

By the side of Isabel Sawtelle sat a young man with a clear, beautiful eye, and a massive brow.

"I must go," he said; "the foreman will wonder at my absence."

"The *foreman?*" asked Isabel in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work."

"Foreman—shop—*work!* What! do *you* work?"

"Aye, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" and his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked; "it is something about barrels, isn't it!"

"It is!" he said, with a flashing nostril. "And hogsheads."

"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain—"go *away!*"

"Ha!" he cried, "you spurn me then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so! though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle," he added, and nothing could *exceed* his looks at this moment—"when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast off! *Farewell!*"

Years rolled on. Isabel Sawtelle married a miserable aristocrat, who recently died of delirium tremens. Her father failed, and is now a raving maniac, and wants to bite little children. All her brothers

(except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddles clams that are stolen for her by little George, her only son that has his freedom. Isabel's sister Bianca rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus, *her* husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic.

BOSTON

A. W. TO HIS WIFE

DEAR BETSY,—I write you this from Boston, "the Modern Atkins," as it is denomyunated, altho I skurcely know what those air. I'll giv you a kursoory view of this city. I'll klassify the paragrafs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washinton correspongdents:

COPPS' HILL

The winder of my room commands a exileratin view of Copps' Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berrid. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin ded too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every lection day, and weeps Bitturly becaws he haint got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, *he* is.

MR. FANUEL

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess

of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin the past few years, and the numris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men

who understand their bisniss, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day and sleep nights as comfbly as in the old time.

THE COMMON

It is here, as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins, is a onhappy Outcast in Naponsit.

THE LEGISLATUR

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but sum of em wear queer hats. They buy em, I take

it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevailin stile or ten years behind it —jest as a intel ectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin with sevril members of the legislatur. I told em the Eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American peple of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark.

HARVARD COLLEGE

This celebrated institooshun of learnin is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in Skool Street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I had a letter, yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin College in Maine. He writes that he's a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtered with a Parent's care in his childhood's hour—is he goin to be a Grate American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 Summers had flowd over my yoothful hed. But I had

sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment, "knock em," but the old man was allus a little given to slang). He put his withered han tremblinly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin down his venerable chin, but it might hav been tobacker jooce. He chawd.

LITERATOOR

The *Atlantic Monthly*, Betsy, is a reglar visitor to our westun home. I like it because it has got sense. It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into em, makin the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men disgreeble idiots —so that our darters very natrally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the *Atlantic*, Betsy, understand their bisniss. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw em. I told em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified.

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I said to a man who was drivin a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolushunary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!"

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin wheat, tain't worth a dam."

THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and, smilin in a seductiv manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't *I* remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclood you ain't *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation.

COMMON SKOOLS

A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old pardner, has a little son who has only bin to skool two months, and yet he exhibertid his father's performin Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay particlar tention to Spelin in these Skools, becaws if a man can't Spel wel he's of no kount.

SUMMIN UP

Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Onlike

evry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to hav bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and continnered applaus for Boston!

DOMESTIC MATTERS

Kiss the children for me. What you tell me bout the Twins greeves me sorely. When I sent em that Toy Enjine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a prematoor leanin tords cussedness that alarms me. I send to Sarah Ann, our dawter, sum new music, viz: "I am Lonely sints My Mother-in-law Died"; "Dear Mother, What tho the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is withered now?" &c. These song writers, by the way, air doin the Mother Bisiness rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husban,

ARTEMUS WARD.

A MORMON ROMANCE—REGINALD GLOVERSON

I

THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE

THE morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Salt Lake City, with a mule-train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw!

I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty,

and tottered feebly toward his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear Mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son—my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

II

FUNERAL TRAPPINGS

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heartbroken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows.

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at *me*, with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at *me!*"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No you *won't*," said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's *my* business to strew!"

"You shan't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the Strew much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take

to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetuates a sob on my handkercher!" said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the Die, but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in *our* pockets, and *no* mistake! Excuse those real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelins."

III

DUST TO DUST

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner; nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

That night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches —Reginald would nevermore linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—

Reginald's head would nevermore press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches —never, nevermore!

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without sigerfyin, in any respect, where them mules went to!"

IV

MARRIED AGAIN

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although, for that matter, the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?"—the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

> 'Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
> Twenty-one hearts that beat as one!'"

They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

FREND WALES,—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marrige to the Printcis Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoose me.

Numeris changes has tooken place since we met in the body pollertic. The body pollertic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, frend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Capn Sems of the *Alobarmy*, manetanes a nootral position!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifisses, you bet.

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifiss my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss I'll shed evry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well

be the war as any body else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, frend Wales, no doubt. It causd sum squirmin, but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes.

We hain't got eny daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exempt because he was the only son of a widowd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for em is a question.

Frend Wales, I ain't a pollertician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, howsever, to have a well-balanced mind; tho my idees of a well-balanced mind differs from the idees of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Billson and me orjanized a strollin dramatic company, & we played "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved," with a real drunkard. The play didn't take particlarly, and says Billson to me, "Let's giv em some dramy."

We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, "No, Billson"; and then says I, "Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind."

Says he, "Yes, I have, old hoss-fly" (he was a low

cuss)—"yes, I have. I have a mind," says he, "that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind."

I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miserble man once played "Hamlet." There wasn't any orchestry, and, wishin to expire to slow moosic, he died playin on a claironett himself, interspersed with hartrendin groans, & such is the world! Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizniss!

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeck in now addressin you is to giv you sum adwice, frend Wales, about managin your wife, a bizniss I've had over thirty years experience in.

I manige my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust commenst trainin her I institooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandingd. You'd better do similer. Your wife may objeck to gittin up and bildin the fire in the mornin, but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejoodiss. I regret to obsarve that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions.

I allus did, and, if I know my own hart, I allus will. My dawter, who is goin on 17 and is frisky, says they's disgustin. And speakin of my dawter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discovered that I'm a very entertainin

old feller, and they visit us frekently, specially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin the proceedins of our State legislater. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortnilly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the legislativ reports. I kept the young lawyer up

one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a drawbridge away orf in the east part of the State, havin sent my dawter to bed at half past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understan he says I go round swindlin the Public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin several peple's healths; and wishin to make em as robust as possible, I continnerd drinkin their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with considble licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin, I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin! I have cum, Betsy," I continnerd—crackin the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

I dreamd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sevril conseckootiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of anythin since, and if I ever have another reorganizin job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a

good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a venerble age, and died while in the act of fryin slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-stun! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illustrated papers.

It's best to give a woman considble lee-way. But not too much. A naber of mine, Mr. Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the dooryard while she was cleanin house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, specially as it was rainin vilently; but he said he wanted to giv his wife "a little lee-way." That was 2 mutch. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, "it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared," at the same time tossin him his mother's Bible. It was orful!

There's varis ways of managin a wife, frend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both!

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin in a pecoonery pint of view. I make bout as much in the course of a year as a Cabnet offisser does, &

I understan my bizniss a good deal better than sum of em do.

Respecks to St. Gorge & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy,"

A. WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND

RICHMOND, VA., May —, 18 & 65.

AFORE I comments this letter from the late rebil capitol I desire to cimply say that I hav seen a low and skurrilus noat in the papers from a sertin purson who singes hisself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did *once* hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recugnize him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collidge sum 16 years ago and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day whlle in a Backynalian mood on

rum & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betrayd his sex on account of his boots & his Beard fallin

off his face, thus rooinin my prospecks in that town, & likewise incurrin the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triflin with the feelins of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. I perfectly disgust him.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny clime. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never knowd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

Immejutly on my rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House, and callin to my assistant, a young man from our town who writes a good runnin hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin my umbrella to a bald-heded man behind the counter, who I sposed was Mr. Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a cullud purson, and said,

"Show the gen'lman to the cowyard, and giv him cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin in with him."

"Do you know the Ginral?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Wall, no, not zackly; but he'll remember me.

His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal was—"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and he shuvd my umbrella onto the floor. Obsarvin to him not to be so keerless with that wepin, I accompanid the African to my lodgins.

"My brother," I sed, "air you aware that you've bin mancipated? Do you realise how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreams, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin.

I was showd to the cowyard and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison. Tho I should hav slept comfble enuff if the bedclothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin the night, by a scoundrul who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin, and my throat feels a little husky this mornin.

Ginral Hulleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox amboolance.

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on evry hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and inflooentooial citizen of

Richmond — and sez he, "Why! we've bin fitin agin the Old Flag! Lor bless me, how singlar!" He then borrerd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standin and formerly a bitter rebuel), "Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he added, "you air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's bin a tremenduous Union feelin here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a dagerretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united peple."

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others leaves the Confedrit Army in a ruther shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules, and a Bass drum, and is movin rapidly tords Texis.

Feelin a little peckish, I went into a eatin house to-day, and encountered a young man with long

black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did wear looked onhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, Sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he sed, sneerinly, "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of gloatin over a fallen peple. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—*never, never!*"

"Hav suthin to eat!" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed furcely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'l you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenus. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for severil days, eatin crackers

that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread-tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little tords me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum peple at the North who air not wholly loathsum beests?"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-bluded scoundril. Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crooil war is over, and you're lickt! It's rather necessary for sumbody to lick in a good square, lively fite, and in this ere case it happens to be the United States of America. You fit splendid, but we was too many for you. Then make the best of it, & let us all give in and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren. Fur from it. I'm a old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is mistend with suthin very like tears. I'm thinkin of the sea of good rich Blud that has been spilt on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin of our widders and orfuns North, and of your'n in the South. I kin cry for both. Bleeve me, my young fren, I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a Fedral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a venerble sinner like me kin say anythin, God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear."

I riz up to go, & takin my yung Southern fren

kindly by the hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern fellers is probly my brothers, tho you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin it! It's over now. Let us all jine in and make a country on this continent that shall giv all Europe the cramp in the stummuck evry time they look at us! Adoo, adoo!"

And as I am through, I'll likewise say adoo to you, jentle reader, merely remarkin that the Star-Spangled Banner is wavin round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slite cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

It was customary in many of the inland towns of New England, some thirty years ago, to celebrate the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis by a sham representation of that important event in the history of the Revolutionary War. A town meeting would be called, at which a company of men would be detailed as British and a company as Americans—two leading citizens being selected to represent Washington and Cornwallis in the mimic surrender.

The pleasant little town of W——, in whose schools the writer has been repeatedly "corrected," upon whose ponds he has often skated; upon whose richest orchards he has, with other juvenile bandits, many times dashed in the silent midnight; the town of W——, where it was popularly believed these bandits would "come to a bad end," resolved to celebrate the surrender. Rival towns had celebrated, and W—— determined to eclipse them in the most signal manner. It is my privilege to tell how W—— succeeded in this determination.

The great day came. It was ushered in by the roar of musketry, the ringing of the village church

bell, the squeaking of fifes, and the rattling of drums.

People poured into the village from all over the county. Never had W—— experienced such a jam. Never had there been such an onslaught upon gingerbread carts. Never had New England rum flowed so freely. And W——'s fair daughters, who mounted the house-tops to see the surrender, had never looked fairer. The old folks came, too, and among them were several war-scarred heroes who had fought gallantly at Monmouth and Yorktown. These brave sons of '76 took no part in the demonstration, but an honored bench was set apart for their exclusive use on the piazza of Sile Smith's store. When they were dry, all they had to do was to sing out to Sile's boy, Jerry, "a leetle New Englan' this way, if *you* please." It was brought forthwith.

At precisely 9 o'clock, by the schoolmaster's watch, the American and British forces marched on to the village green and placed themselves in battle array, reminding the spectator of the time when

> Brave Wolfe drew up his men
> In a style most pretty,
> On the Plains of Abraham
> Before the city.

The character of Washington had been assigned to Squire Wood, a well-to-do and influential farmer, while that of Cornwallis had been given to the village lawyer, a kind-hearted but rather pompous person, whose name was Caleb Jones.

Squire Wood, the Washington of the occasion, had met with many unexpected difficulties in preparing his forces, and in his perplexity he had emptied not only his own canteen but those of most of his aides. The consequence was—mortifying as it must be to all true Americans—blushing as I do to tell it, Washington at the commencement of the mimic struggle was most unqualifiedly drunk.

The sham fight commenced. Bang! bang! bang! from the Americans—bang! bang! bang! from the British. The bangs were kept hotly up until the powder gave out, and then came the order to charge. Hundreds of wooden bayonets flashed fiercely in the sunlight, each soldier taking very good care not to hit anybody.

"Thaz (hic) right," shouted Washington, who during the shooting had been racing his horse wildly up and down the line, "thaz right! *Gin* it to em! Cut their tarnal heads off!"

"On, Romans!" shrieked Cornwallis, who had once seen a theatrical performance—"on to the fray! No sleep till mornin."

"Down with taxation on tea!" yelled Washington.

The fighting now ceased, the opposing forces were properly arranged, and Cornwallis, dismounting, prepared to present his sword to Washington according to programme. As he walked slowly toward the Father of His Country he rehearsed the little speech he had committed for the occasion, while the

illustrious being who was to hear it was making desperate efforts to keep in his saddle. Now he would wildly brandish his sword and narrowly escape cutting off his horse's ears, and then he would fall suddenly forward onto the steed's neck, grasping the mane as drowning men seize hold of straws. All idea of the magnitude of the occasion had left him, and when he saw Cornwallis approaching, with slow and stately step, and sword-hilt extended toward him, he inquired,

"What 'n devil *you* want, any (hic) how!"

"General Washington," said Cornwallis, in dignified and impressive tones, "I tender you my sword. I need not inform you, Sir, how deeply—"

The speech was here cut suddenly short by Washington, who, driving the spurs into his horse, playfully attempted to run over the commander of the British forces. He was not permitted to do this, for his aides, seeing his unfortunate condition, seized the horse by the bridle, straightened Washington up in his saddle, and requested Cornwallis to proceed with his remarks.

"General Washington," said Cornwallis, "the British Lion prostrates himself at the feet of the American Eagle!"

"*Eagle?* EAGLE!" yelled the infuriated Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting Cornwallis a frightful blow on the head with the flat of his sword. "Do you call me a *Eagle*, you mean, sneaking cuss?" He struck him again, sending him to the ground, and

said, "I'll learn you to call me a Eagle, you infernal scoundrel!"

Cornwallis remained upon the ground only a moment. Smarting from the blows he had received, he arose with an entirely unlooked-for recuperation on

the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical example; in spite of the men of both nations, indeed, he whipped the Immortal Washington until he roared for mercy.

The Americans, at first mortified and indignant at the conduct of their chief, now began to sympathize with him, and resolved to whip their mock foes in

earnest. They rushed fiercely upon them, but the British were really the stronger party and drove the Americans back. Not content with this, they charged madly upon them and drove them from the field—from the village, in fact. There were many heads damaged, eyes draped in mourning, noses fractured and legs lamed—it is a wonder that no one was killed outright.

Washington was confined to his house for several weeks, but he recovered at last. For a time there was a coolness between himself and Cornwallis, but they finally concluded to join the whole county in laughing about the surrender.

They live now. Time, the "artist," has thoroughly whitewashed their heads, but they are very jolly still. On town-meeting days the old Squire always rides down to the village. In the hind part of his venerable yellow wagon is always a bunch of hay, ostensibly for the old white horse, but really to hide a glass bottle from the vulgar gaze. This bottle has on one side a likeness of Lafayette, and upon the other may be seen the Goddess of Liberty. What the bottle contains inside I cannot positively say, but it is true that Squire Wood and Lawyer Jones visit that bottle very frequently on town-meeting days and come back looking quite red in the face. When this redness in the face becomes of the blazing kind, as it generally does by the time the polls close, a short dialogue like this may be heard:

"We shall never play surrender again, Lawyer Jones!"

"Them days is over, Squire Wood!"

And then they laugh and jocosely punch each other in the ribs.

AFFAIRS AROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN

It isn't every one who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now.

The time rolls by serenely—so serenely that I don't care what time it is.

Why should I loiter feverishly in Broadway, stabbing the hissing hot air with the splendid gold-headed cane that was presented to me by the citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, as a slight testimonial of their esteem? Why broil in my rooms? You said to me, Mrs. Gloverson, when I took possession of those rooms, that no matter how warm it might be, a breeze had a way of blowing into them, and that they were, withal, quite countryfied; but I am bound to say, Mrs. Gloverson, that there was nothing about them that ever reminded me, in the remotest degree, of daisies or new-mown hay.

Why stay in New York when I had a village green? I gave it up, the same as I would an intricate conundrum—and, in short, I am here.

Do I miss the glare and crash of the imperial thoroughfare, the milkman, the fiery, untamed omnibus horses, the soda fountains, Central Park, and

those things? Yes, I do; and I can go on missing 'em for quite a spell, and enjoy it.

The village is small. It does not contain over forty houses, all told; but they are milk-white, with the greenest of blinds, and for the most part are shaded with beautiful elms and willows. To the right of us is a mountain; to the left a lake. The village nestles between. Of course it does. I never read a novel in my life in which the villages didn't nestle. Villages invariably nestle. It is a kind of way they have.

We are away from the cars. The iron horse, as my little sister aptly remarks in her composition "On Nature," is never heard to shriek in our midst; and on the whole, I am glad of it.

The villagers are kindly people. They are rather incoherent on the subject of the war, but not more so, perhaps, than are people elsewhere. One citizen, who used to sustain a good character, subscribed for the *Weekly New York Herald*, a few months since, and went to studying the military maps in that well-known journal for the fireside. I need not inform you that his intellect now totters and he has mortgaged his farm. In a literary point of view we are rather bloodthirsty. A pamphlet edition of the life of a being who slaughtered his wife and child and then finished himself is having an extensive sale just now.

The store is an object of great interest to me. I usually encounter there, on sunny afternoons, an old

Revolutionary soldier. He distinctly remembers Washington, of course—they all do; but what I wish to call special attention to is the fact that this Revolutionary soldier is one hundred years old,

that his eyes are so good that he can read fine print without spectacles—he never used them, by the way—and his mind is perfectly clear. He is a little shaky in one of his legs, but otherwise he is as active as most men of forty-five, and his general health is excellent. He uses no tobacco, but for the last twenty years he has drunk one glass of liquor every day—no more, no less. He says he must have his tod. But, because a man can drink a glass of liquor a day and live to be a hundred years old, my young readers must not infer that by drinking two glasses

of liquor a day a man can live to be two hundred.

This store, in which may constantly be found calico, and nails, and fish, and tobacco in kegs, and snuff in bladders, is a venerable establishment. As long ago as 1814 it was an institution. The county troops, on their way to the defense of Portland, then menaced by British ships-of-war, were drawn up in front of this very store and treated at the town's expense. Citizens will tell you how the clergyman refused to pray for the troops because he considered the war an unholy one; and how a somewhat eccentric person of dissolute habits volunteered his services, stating that he once had an uncle who was a deacon, and he thought he could make a tolerable prayer, although it was rather out of his line; and how he prayed so long and absurdly that the colonel ordered him under arrest, but that even while soldiers stood over him with gleaming bayonets, the reckless being sang a preposterous song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with its Ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do; after which he howled dismally.

And speaking of the store reminds me of a little story. The author of "several successful comedies" has been among us, and the store was anxious to know who the stranger was.

"What do you follow, sir?" respectfully inquired the tradesman.

"I occasionally write for the stage, sir."

"Oh!" returned the tradesman, in a confused manner.

"He means," said an honest villager, with a desire to help the puzzled tradesman out, "he means that he writes the handbills for the stage-drivers!"

I believe that story is new; but one hears stories at the store which, no doubt, diverted Methuselah in the sunny days of his giddy and thoughtless boyhood.

There is an exciting scene at the store occasionally. Yesterday an athletic peasant, in a state of beer, smashed in a counter and emptied two tubs of butter on the floor. His father, a white-haired old man, came round in the evening and settled for the damages. "My son," he said, "has considerable originality." I will mention that this same son once told me that he could lick me with one arm tied behind him, and I was so thoroughly satisfied he could that I told him he needn't mind going for a rope.

Sometimes I go a-visiting to a farm-house, on which occasion the parlor is opened. The windows have been close shut ever since the last visitor was there, and there is a dingy smell that I struggle as calmly as possible with, until I am led to the banquet of steaming hot biscuit and custard-pie. If they would only let me sit in the dear old-fashioned kitchen or on the door-stone—if they knew how dismally the new black furniture looked—but, never mind, I am not a reformer.

Gloomy enough, this living on a farm, you perhaps say, in which case you are wrong. I can't exactly say that I pant to be an agriculturist, but I do know that in the main it is an independent, calmly happy sort of life. I can see how the prosperous farmer can go joyously a-field with the rise of the sun, and how his heart may swell with pride over bounteous harvests and sleek oxen. And it must be rather jolly for him on winter evenings to sit before the bright kitchen fire and watch his rosy boys and girls as they study out the charades in the weekly paper, and gradually find out why my first is something that grows in a garden and my second is a fish.

On the green hillside over yonder there is a quivering of snowy drapery, and bright hair is flashing in the morning sunlight. It is recess, and the Seminary girls are running in the tall grass.

Looking at these girls reminds me that I, too, was once young—and where are the friends of my youth? I have found one of 'em, certainly. I saw him ride in the circus the other day on a bareback horse, and even now his name stares at me from yonder board fence in green and blue and red and yellow letters. Dashington, the youth with whom I used to read the able orations of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest

—drives a fish-cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast, back into the interior. Huberston, the utterly stupid boy — the lunkhead, who never had his lesson — he's about the ablest lawyer a sister State can boast. Mills is a newspaper man.

Singlinson, the sweet-voiced boy whose face was always washed and who was real good and who was never rude, *he* is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor; and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his bread and butter with the beggar-man, is a failing merchant and makes money by it. Tom Slink, who used to smoke short-sixes and get acquainted with the little circus boys, is popularly supposed to be the proprietor of a cheap gaming establishment in Boston. Be sure, the Army is represented by many of the friends of my youth, the most of whom have given a good account of themselves. But Chalmerson hasn't done much. No, Chalmerson is rather of a failure. He plays on the guitar and sings love-songs. Not that he is a bad man. A kinder-hearted creature never lived. But he knows nothing about business, politics, the world, and those things. He is dull at trade—indeed, it is a common remark that "everybody cheats Chalmerson." He came to the party the other evening, and brought his guitar. They wouldn't have him for a tenor in the opera, certainly, for he is shaky in his upper notes; but if his simple

melodies didn't gush straight from the heart, why were my trained eyes wet? And, although some of the girls giggled and some of the men seemed to pity him, I could not help fancying that poor Chalmerson was nearer heaven than any of us all!

AGRICULTURE

The Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual Fair, he wrote the president of that society as follows:

New York, June 12, 1865.

Dear Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come.

Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturalist will be acceptable.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye, and oats; but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbors told me so at first, and, as an evi-

dence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows onto it the moment I went off "lecturing."

These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep-raising

I bought fifty lambs and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out onto the farm in my dressing-gown,

with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gaily o'er the hillside. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, "We must have some shepherd dogs."

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said:

"We must, Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago!"

I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-colored, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and shapely-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed:

"Waal! *did* you ever?"

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the greensward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon.

Thus closed their life-stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist, I was not a success.

Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass.

To me the new-mown hay is very sweet and nice.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow, myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall, green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low, firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter'ble gashes in the other or not! But you, John—*you* are young."

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

"I mean that if you continner to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash some of us before we're a hour older!"

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl.

I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he *dosoed*. She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins is troubled no more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krows bein

put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nother in. Old Bisbee who was frade youd cut his sons leggs of Ses you bet go and stan up in feeld yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will keep way. this made Boys in store larf. no More terday from Yours respecful ELI PERKINS."

My friend Mr. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, thinks if I "keep on" I will get in the Poor House in about two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want me, I will come.

Truly yours, CHARLES F. BROWNE.

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